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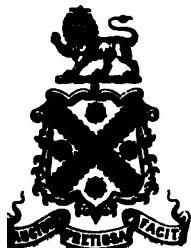
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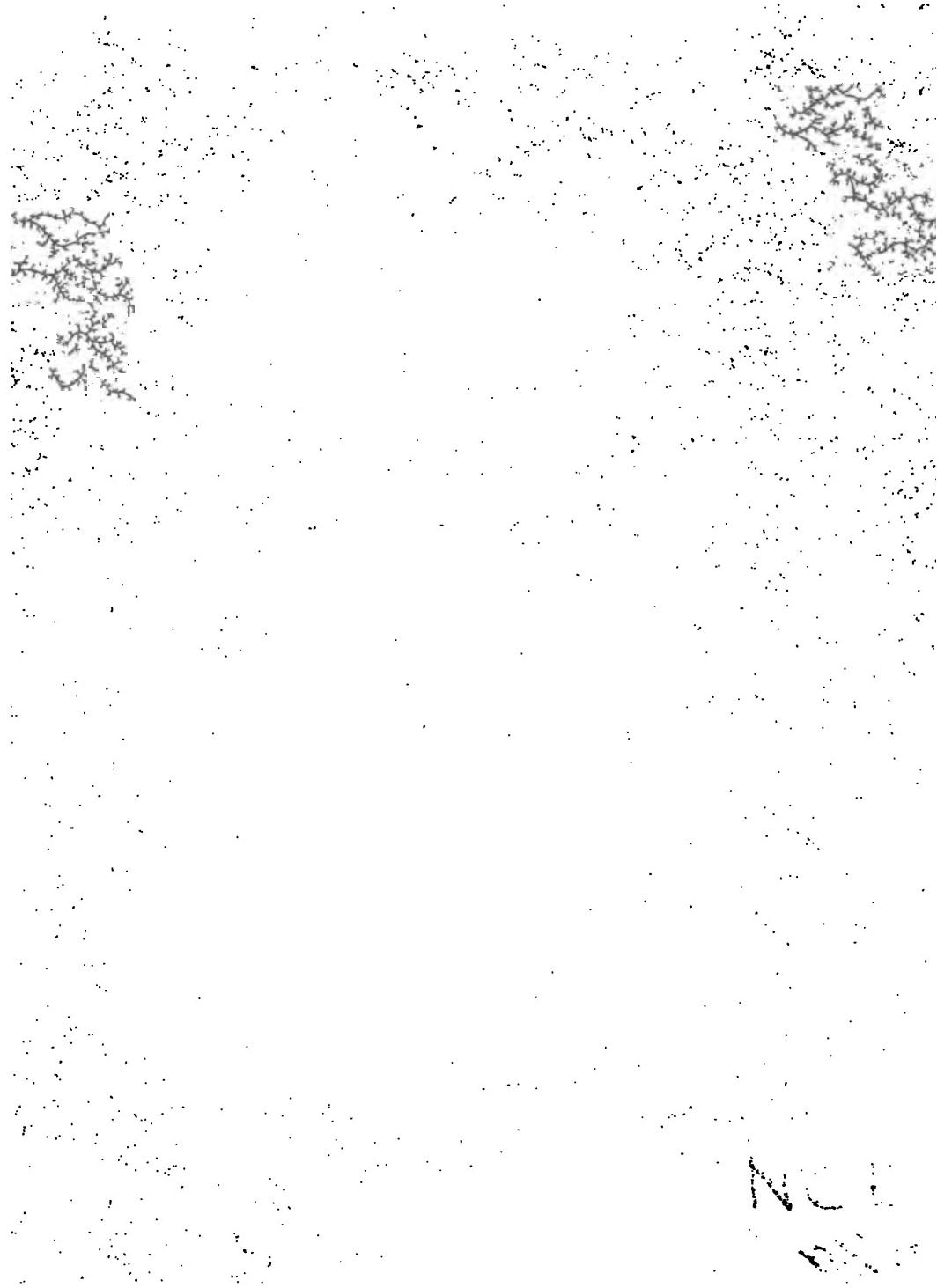
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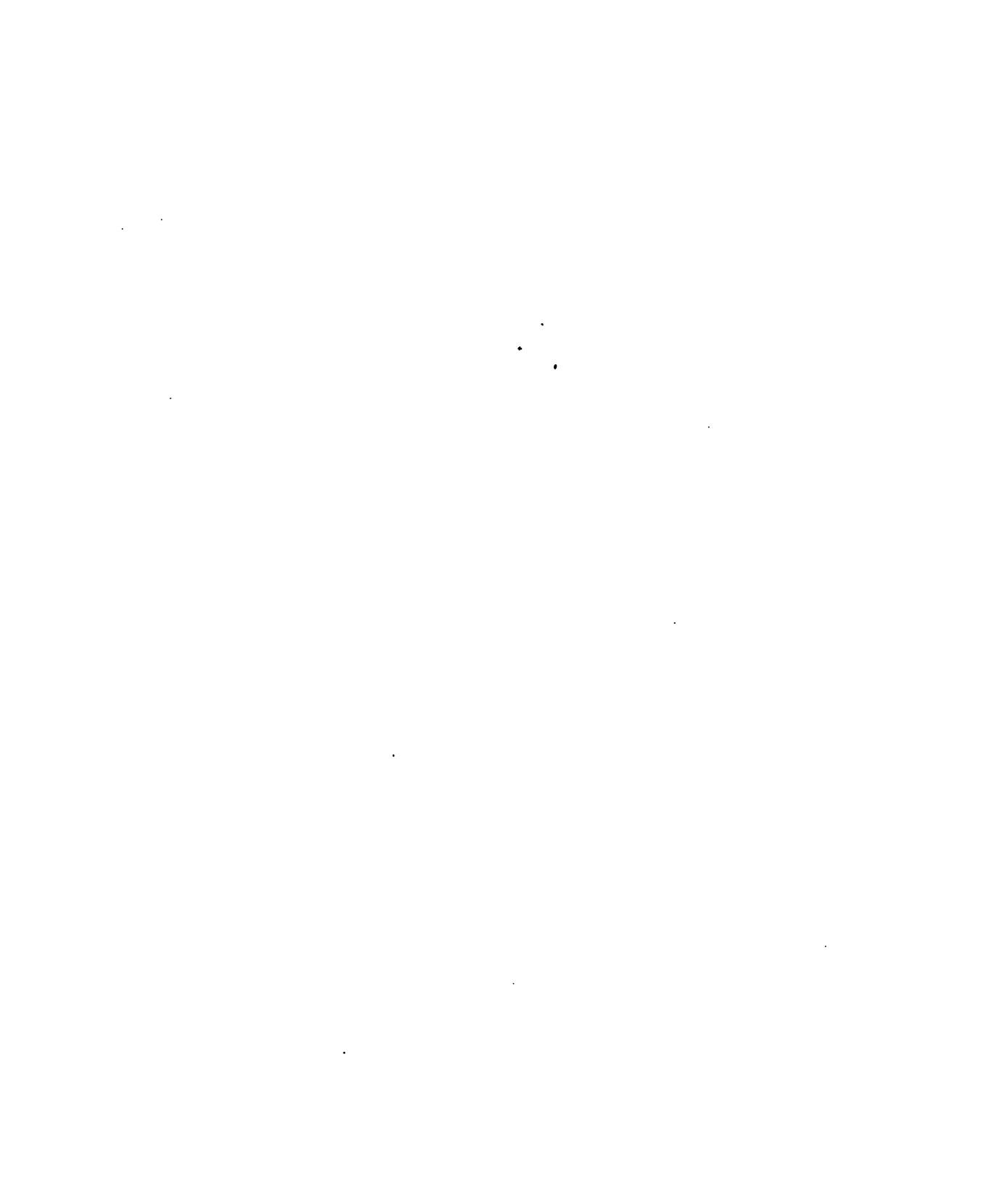
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Bibliographical Miscellanies.

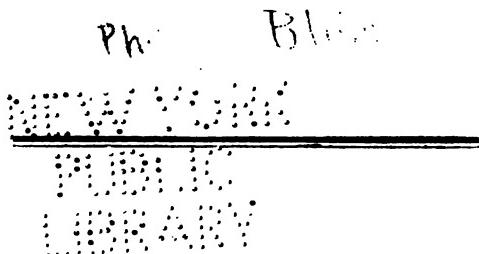


Bibliographical Miscellanies,

Being a Selection of

Curious Pieces,

In Verse and Prose.



O X F O R D :

M D C C C X I I I .



MARY WILSON
OLIVER
WARRIOR

Printed by Munday and Slatter,
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ADVERTISEMENT.

IT has been the design of the present work to collect and preserve a few curious pieces which may appear interesting to the lovers of bibliography. These have been extracted from printed tracts now extremely scarce, or from manuscripts, it is believed, never before made public.

The *Life of Churchyard* is printed from two publications of that writer, which are of great rarity and price; “The First Parte of Chippes,” 4to. 1575; and “Churchyard’s Charge,” 4to. 1580. These are preserved in the Bodleian Library and the Ashmole Museum, at Oxford, the former amongst the books of the learned Selden, the latter in those of Anthony & Wood.

Wood’s Life of Churchyard is taken from the “Athenæ Oxonienses,” as enlarged by Bliss, and lately published, London, 4to. 1813.

The *Christmas Carols*, which are particularly curious, are extracted from a supposed unique copy or copies now in the possession of

Mr. Cotton, Student of Christ Church, to whom the Editor is happy of making this public acknowledgment for his kindness.

Sir Philip Sydney's Sonnets are from a Manuscript in the collection of Dr. Rawlinson in the Bodleian Library. There is every reason to suppose they are authentic, since the same Manuscript contains a great number of the Sonnets printed in his "Arcadia" and other works, which, with those now given, are ascribed to Sir Philip, whose name or initials are affixed to each of them separately. Another Sonnet from the same source will be found in the new edition of Wood's "Athenæ," vol. 1. col. 525.

Of the *Fairy Poems* the first is taken from a Manuscript in the Bodleian. The others from a scarce volume the title of which will be found at length in the note at page 67.

The whole impression of the present work consists of one hundred and four copies.

WILLIAM
BLAKE
VANITY

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Life of Churchyard.

A STORIE TRANSLATED OUT OF FRENCH.

IN old tyme paste in Picardie there dwelt an honest man,
Whose name the storie doeth not tell what he was called than,
A wife he had, a house he helde, as farmers vse to doo,
And lacked little for the same that did belong theretoo.
And as God sent hym suffisance to rubbe forthe life here lent,
So for to chere vnweldie age faire children God hym sent;
Of whiche he had one moste in minde, a lad of liuly spreete,
Who with great care he kept to schoole, as for his youth was meete.
This boye, to glad his father's harte, in booke set his delite,
And learned to make a Latine verse, to reade, and eke to write:
And for his nature was enclinde to studie lernyng's lore,
The better he apiled his schoole he profited the more.
To make his schoole the sweeter seem with musicke mixed was
The studio that he followd then, the tyme awaie to passe
Good booke were bought and instruments, greate charge was but smal let,
If that thereby the father might the sonne some knowledge get.
In seuen yeres (as tyme it was), this striplyng gan to taste
Tyme well emploied, tyme drien forthe, and tyme ill sp̄t iu waste;
And made no small account thereof, but still sought more to haue,
Wherewith he to his father came, on knees this did he craue:—

I haue, quoth he, dere father, now my childisbe daies ore ronne,
 And, as I thinke, and you beleue, my boye's delites are donne:
 And as my witte and grace hath serud some learnyng haue I gote,
 And, as I knowe you loue me well, on me you should not dote.
 I meane, I shold not still at home, vnder my mother's wing,
 Be brought vp like a wanton child, and doe no other thing:
 The worlde is wide, I want no witte, your wealth is not so greate,
 But you maie thinke in some dere yere I scarce deserue my meate;
 And though your kinde and custome is full father-like alwaie
 Yet shold your sonne discretion haue to ease you as he maie;
 Wherefore to make your burthen lesse let me goe seeke my happ,
 And let no longer now your sonne be lullde in mother's lapp.
 The father wise well vnderstoode his child's request at full,
 And that the fethers of his youth he thought awaie to pull,
 (Before he gaue hym leauue to parte) by councell graue and sage,
 Well boye, quoth he, now art thou come vnto thy flowryng age,
 Now art thou like the little wande that bent and bound will bee
 Unto his hande, or to his skill, that liste to maister thee:
 Now are ripe yeres soone rotten made, now art thou apt to take
 Bothe good and badd, but cheefly things that age bidds thee forsake.
 And now large scope shall sone forget what short rein learnt in schole,
 And thou that wisely wast brought vp shall plaiie the wanton foole
 Abrode, as wilde harebraius are wont, newe taken from their booke,
 And in a while laie all a side, nere after their on looke.
 In eury place of thy repaire thou shalt no father finde,
 Nor scarce a freende to who' thou maiest at all tymes sho thy minde;
 But, on God's blesyng, goe thy waie, thy wilde otes are vnsowne,
 Hereafter time shall learne thee well things to thee now vuknowne.
 The ladde his leauue and farewell tooke, well furnisht for the nonce,
 And had about hym, as I trowe, his treasure all at once.
 To court he came all maisterlesse, and sawe what likt hym beste,
 Of running leather were his shues, his feete no where could reste:
 His bookees to blade and bucklar chang'd, he gave ore scholar's trade
 Where reuell roysted all in ruffe, there he his residence made.
 This rule had soone his purse so pickt that princoks wanted pence,
 Aud oft he sawe some trussed vp that made but small offence:

His father farre from seyng this, he come of honest stocke,
 He hoffrying forthe a hatefull life, in many a wicked flocke;
 And pricked oft to slipper shifts, yet some regard he tooke,
 To be a sclander to his kinne, that kept hym to his booke:
 And, in a better moode to thriue, to seruice did he drawe,
 He must goe that the deuill drijves, ye know neede hath no lawe.
 A maister of no meane estate, a mirrour in those daies,
 His happie fortune then hym gate, whose vertues must I praise.
 More heauenly were those gifts he had then earthly was his forme,
 His corps to worthie for the graue, his fleshe no meate for worme.
 An erle of birthe, a God of sprite, a Tullie for his tong,
 Me thinke of right the worlde should shake when half his praise were rong:
 Oh! cursed are those crooked crafts that his owne countrey wrought,
 To chop of sutche a chosen hed as our tyme nere forthe brought!
 His knowledge crept beyond the starrs, and raught to Joue's hie trone,
 The bowels of the yearth he sawe, in his deepe breast vnownwe:
 His witt lookt through eche ma's deuice, his judgemēt grou'ded was,
 Almoste he had foresight to knowe ere things should come to passe
 When thei should fall, what should betied: oh, what a losse of weight
 Was it to lose so ripe a hedde that reached sutche a height!
 In eury art he feelyng had, with penne past Petrarke sure,
 A fashon framde whiche could his foes to freendship oft allure.
 His vertues could not kepe hym here, but rather wrought his harms,
 And made his enemies murmure oft, and brought them in by swarms,
 Whose practise put hym to his plunge, and loste his life thereby:
 Oh, cancred breasts, that haue sutche harts wherin suche hate doth lye!
 As told I haue, this yong man seru'd this maister ~~twise~~ two yere,
 And learnd therein sutche fruitfull skill as long he held full dere:
 And vsd the penne, as he was taught, and other gifts also,
 Whiche made hym hold the capp on hed where some do croch full lo.
 As credite came he carefull was how to maintaine the same,
 And made small count of life or death to kepe his honest name:
 His father not a little glad of his good happ thus founde,
 And he forgot no duetie sure to whom he ought be bounde.
 From court to warres he wounde about, a soldiour's life to leade,
 And leaned to the worthiest sort their stepps to marche and treade;

And followd cannon wheele as fast, to learne some knowlege then,
 As he afore at maister's heeles did waite with seruyng men.
 But those twoo liues a diffrence haue—at home, good chere he had,
 Abroad, full many a hongrie meale, and lodgyng verie bad:
 All daie in corslet cased faste, whiche made his shulders ake;
 All night vpon a couche of strawe, right glad his rest to take.
 Through thick and thin a thriflesse tyme he spent, and felt mutch greef,
 And euer hopyng for the same at length to finde releef:
 No smal while there as ye haue hard in colde sharpe winter nights,
 Where he did feele strange plags enowe, and sawe full vgly sights,
 Some dy for lack, some seke for death, some liue as though ther were
 Ne God nor man, nor torment here or hence we ought to fere:
 But yet he markt some of that sort whose estimation stood,
 Upon ech point of honest name, and things that seemed good.
 He sawe likewise how fortune plaied with some men for a while
 And after paid them home for all, and so did them begile.
 A wearie of these wastyng woes a while he left the warre,
 And for desire to learne the tonges he traueld very farre.
 And had of eury langage part, when homeware did he drawe,
 And could rehearsall make full well of that abroad he sawe.
 To studie wholie was he bent, but countrei's cause would not
 But he should haunt the warrs againe, assignde thereto by lot.
 And eke by hope and all vaine happ procured to the same,
 As though ech other glorie grewe on warrs and warlike fame:
 Without the whiche no world's renowme was worth a flye he heeld
 For that is honour wonne in deede once got within the feeld.
 Thus in his hed and hye consaithe he iudg'd that beste of all,
 And thought no mouth for suger mete that could not taste the gall.
 Good lucke and bad mixt in one cup he dranke to quenche his thirste,
 And better brookt the second warrs then he did like the firste.
 And lesse found fault w^r fortune's freaks, time had so well him taught,
 At chances sowre he cha^dg'd no chere, nor at swete haps much laught.
 In prison thrise, in danger oft, bothe hurt and mangled sore,
 And all in seruice of his prince, and all awaie he wore.
 In meane estate, in office too, somtyme a single paie,
 Some tyme fewe had so muche a weeke as he was loude a daie.

When worlde waxt wise, and wealthe did faile, and prince's pride appaid,
 And emptie purse, and priuie plag's for perfite peace had cald,
 And kings and kingdoms quiet were, this man to court he came,
 Newe from the gues with face and lookees as simple as a lame;
 Freshe frō his enemis hands came he, where for his countrie's right
 He prised was, and forste to grant a ransome past hit might.
 Sent home vpon a bande and seal which is to strange a trade,
 There to remaine till he for helpe to me honest shifte had made:
 All spoiled, cleane, bare as the bird whose feathers pluckt haue bin,
 Bothe sick and weake, his colour gon, with cheeke full pale and thin!
 The sight so strange, or worlde so nougnt, or God would haue it so,
 This man had scarce a welcome home, whiche made him muse I tro:
 His countrey, not as he it left, all changed was the state,
 But all one thing this man deseru'd therein no cause of hate.
 A carelesse looke on hym thei caste, savyng a fewe in deede,
 Through warrs brought lowe for seruice sake, and felt therby his neede.
 Of suche as could a diffrence make of drom and trumpett's sounde,
 (Frō tabber pipe, and maipole mirth,) their helpyng hands he founde:
 And those that fauord featts of warre, and sauour tooke therein,
 With open armes embraste hym hard, and said, Where hast thou bin?
 But none of these could doe hym good, to set hym vp I meane,
 His freends decaied, his father dedde, and housholde broke vp cleane:
 Craue could he not, his hart so hye it would not stoupe to steale,
 He scornde to serue a forraine prince, prefarryng common weale.
 Aboue all other things on yearth his countrey honourd he,
 At home he likt more poore estate, then thence a lorde to be.
 Where should he sue?—where ra' those springe could cole his feuer hot?—
 Where durst he mone or plaine for shame?—where thight releef be got;
 But at the fountain or well hedde, yea, at his prince's hande,
 And in a fewe well couched lines to make her understande 1552
 His cace, his scourge? loe, so he did, and boldly did he tell,
 The same hym self vnto the prince, who knowes the man full well,
 And gracious words three tymes he gate; the fourth, to tell you plain,
 Unfruitfull was, things were straitē laest, faire woords maks fooles full fain:
 When prince, nor countrey made no count of hym, nor of his cace,
 And none of bothe would help hym home of who he sought for grace,

For whom, and for their cause alone, in enemies hands he fell,
 And for their right to warrs he went, as all men knowes full well,
 And loste his blood for their defence, and for their quarell fought,
 And for the same full slenderly lookte to, and set at nought:
 When he his duetie to his powre did eury daie and yere,
 Sutche vnkinde gwerdon had receiu'd as well before you here:
 He saied, Let Marcus Regulus in fame of Romains stande,
 Whiche kept his othe, and did retourne againe to Carthage lande.
 If Tullie were aliue to write his praises more at full,
 Yet since I scapt my enmies hands, at home abide I wull:
 He shold not me perswade to goe where nought but death is found,
 My countrey cares not for my life, then why should I be bound
 To toies, or any other bande that I haue power to breake,
 Whiche I was forced by my foe in persone for to speake:
 And for the hope of countrie's helpe, and freends that there I had,
 In any sort to please my foes I was bothe faine and glad.
 Not mindyng if my countrey would release me from his hande,
 To breake good order any whitte, or violate my bande.
 For justice bids ech man doe right, which God doeth know I ment,
 But now a captiue yeeld myself it maie not me content:
 For where that Tullie doeth affirme men ought to keepe their othe
 Unto their frends in eury point, and to their enmies bothe,
 And bryngeth Marcus Regulus' example for the same,
 With other reasons, many a one, whiche were too long to name,
 He shewed that the Senats all would hym haue staied at Rome,
 And as in counsaill then thei satte their iugement and their doome
 Was, that the prisners should be free whiche thei of Carthage held,
 And he should staye, full oft his frends thi tale to hym thei told:
 Thei proffred helpe, and offred still this Marcus to redeeme,
 But Marcus for a further skill did little that esteeme.
 I finde no succour, hope, nor aide, then bounde why should I be,
 More to my countrey in this case, that countrey is to me.
 These wordes this heauie man reheatst, so bade the warrs adue,
 And thought he would no raunsome paie, for any thyng he knewe.
 Wherefore from court he tournd his face, and so an othe he swore,
 As long as he his fiue witts had to come in court no more.

He kept that othe, and cut his cote as clothe and measure wold,
And doun to Picardie he comes, some saied at thirtie yere old.
And, for his lands and rents were small, a maister lent he too,
Who vsd his seruaunt not so well as maisters ought to doo:
He was not made out of that mould that his laste maister was;
These twoo in vertues were as like as gold was unto glasse.
Upon a daie alone he satte, and saied these words right sadd;
Are soldiours cast at cart's-arre now, that long faire words haue had?
Shall kyngs nere neede for helpe againe, is fortune so their freende,
Haue thei a patten of the God's, this peace shall neuer ende?
God graunt yet will I shift I trowe, for on or happ shall faile,
And in the stormes my ship shall learne to beare a quiet saile:
And cleane forget braue daies agoe that fed my youthfull yeres,
Full glad that I haue gotten home, and scapt the scrattynge breers.
Of warrs and other worldly toiles adue, I see their fine,
A wife shall now content my mynde, such as the Gods assigue.
A wooyng thus this haplesse man rode forthe, not set to sale,
Thought none like hym in this his suite was meete to tell his tale;
And, as the heauens had agreed, the planetts well were bent,
He sone descended from his horse, and boldly in he went
Where dwelt a sober widdowe then, both wise and wifly too,
Late fallen sicke, vnknowne to hym, that tyme vnfitt to woo;
But her discretion was so greate, and his behauour bothe,
These straungers fell acquainted thus, if ye will knowe the trothe,
He faind an other ernd to make, dissemblyng yet a space,
Till he might spie a better tyme to shewe her all his case:
So takyng leaue for freends he wrought to bryng this thing about,
In suche affaires some speake full faire that are full well to doubt.
For commonly men take no cars of others' sutes, for why,
Their profite as thei gesse themselves in hindryng that maie ly;
Some promise helpe, and see no gaine maye spring to them thereof,
Ware cold and slowe for lacke of spurre, and vse it as a scoffe.
An other sort with stingyng tonges saie, Maistres take good heede,
This man will sone your feathers pull, and cast ye of at neede:
Will you that haue bothe wealth and ease to yong men's cursie stand,
And let an other maister be of that is in your hande?

Some seckyng rule of that she hath, and fleecyng from her first,
 Doe faune and flatter all the daie, and guide her as thei liste,
 And liue on her, and hate her life, and waite her death to see,
 And well can please her while she liues her sectors for to be.
 Suche instruments these widowes haue about them eury howre,
 Perchance this man perceiu'd the like, and had good cause to lowre;
 But, as he knewe the fatall chance of things comes from aboue,
 So he began and sought to knowe the fine of all his loue.
 And found a daie full apt therefore, at large the same he told,
 And flatly this her aunswere was, she neuer marrie would
 If no newe thoughts fell in her minde, whereof no doubt she made,
 Except she chose a wealthie man that had a grounded trade
 To liue, and had a hound of gold to keepe them bothe from dette,
 Good sir, quod she, on riches sure my minde is fully sette:
 I can with ritches vertues make, vertue with want is bare,
 I priae you come no more at me, thus answerd now ye are.
 I would be lothe to hold you on with wordes and meane in deede,
 That neither you, for all your sute, nor any yet shall speede.
 He, hearyng this, hangde doun the hedde, and smilde, to cloke his woe,
 A wordē or twoo he after spake, and parted euen so.
 The wae he rode he curst hym self, for cruell death, he cried,
 And saied, Oh wretche thou liuest to long, to long here doest thou bide!
 Not onely for this foward happ, but for all other chance,
 At any tyme thou tookst in hande thy self for to aduaunce.
 Thy vertues, ought if thei maie be, serue thee no whit at all,
 Thy learnyng stands thee in no steede, thy trauell helps as small:
 Thy knowledge sought in warrs abroad, at home doth thee no good,
 Thy la^{ng}age is but laught at here, where some would sucke thy blood.
 Thy poett's vaine, and gift of penne that pleasurde thousanddes long,
 Hath now enough to doe to make of thee a wofull song:
 Thy freends that long a winnyng were, in court and countrey plain,
 Doeth serue thee to as good a ende, as mirth doeth sicke man's pain.
 Thy youth, though part be left behinde, whose course yet is to ronne,
 With bragge of shewe or seemly shape, what botie hath it wonne?
 Thy honest life or manly harte that through eche storme hath paste,
 Thy reputation hardly wonne, what helps thee now at laste?

Thus to his chamber in his heate he comes with fomyng mouthe,
And in his bloodie breast he fel full many fitts vncouthe:
And on the bedde he laied hym doun, and for his lute he raught,
And brake a twoo those giltlesse strings, as he had bin bestraught.
And ere he flang it to the walls, My plaiere, fare thou well,
Said he, as sweete as Orpheus' harpe that wan his wife from hell:
You instruments, eche one of you, keepe well your cace of woode,
And to the scrallyng eatyng wormes I you bequeath as foode.
Up sttep he to his studie doore, all that stooode in his waie
He brake, and burnt bothe booke and scroull, and made a foule arie.
Some authours saie that could not be, his wisedome did asswage
The inward passions of his minde, and heate of all his rage.
But well I wotte he did prepare to part from freends and all,
And staied but till the spryng came on, for leafe was at the fall.
Now all these stormes and tepests past, this man had sutche a vaine,
When matter mou'd, and cause requier'd, he went to warra againe,
And findyng fortune all a like, as haplesse people doe,
He fell straight waiies in enmies' hands, and was sore wounded too:
But taken prisnar promesd mutche, though little had too paie,
(A subtell shift to sauе the life, and scape a bloody fraie,)
Yet still because he gallant was, and had some charge of men,
He held vp hedde, and in strange place tooke mutche vpon hym then.
The enmie seyng this yong man both well brought vp and trainde
As one that kept sutche state and grace as he deceipt disdainde.
And to be plaine (in eury point) vpon sutche termes he stooode,
As his dissent and ofspryng came of hie and noble bloode:
Of gentill race he might make boste, but of so greate a stocke
He could not vaunt, for that deuice was but a scorne and mocke.
Well, by this meanes he was so likt, and made of eury where
That all that lande rang of the fame and brute that he did bere:
And so the princes of that realme to court did call hym tho,
Where he with feasts and triumphs greate, and many a courtly sho
Past of the tyme, and grewe so farre in fauour with the beste,
That he would plaiie at dice and cards, and so set vp his reste:
For he had money when he would, and went so gaie and braue
On credite, that he finely wan as mutche as he could craue.

And when to taker's house againe this prisner should repaire
 The greatest lords of all that soile when he would take the aire
 Would in a maner waite at hande to doe this prisner ease,
 And well were thei of all degrees that best this man could please.
 A nomber of his nation then of right greate wealthie and state
 By this man's worde and onely band straight waike their fredome gate;
 For he was bounde for eury one that taken were before,
 And so did for their raunsome lye, and runnyng on the score,
 And brauyng out the matter through, a ladie of great race,
 In honest sort and freendly meane, his freendship did embrace:
 Who promesd hym to set hym free, and helpe hym thence in haste;
 But still about this prisner, loe, a priuie gard was plaste:
 Yea, sutche a bande and daiely watthe, as he might not disceiuē,
 Yet he had hope in spite to scape awaie without their leauē:
 And shapt to fye, and giue the slipp, if fortune would agree
 The watche and ward should be begilde, and prisner should goe free.
 And as these things a doyng were a man of mutche renoune
 Was taken after in the feeld, and brought so to the toune:
 Where hearyng of this other wight was askte if he did knowe
 The former persone namde before that daiely braud it so?
 He is, quod he that last was caught, a lustie soldiour sure,
 A man that mutche hath felt of woe, and greate things can endure:
 Of gentill blood and maners bothe, and wants but wealth alone.
 What, what, sir knight, haue you saied trothe, and is he suchē a one?
 Then shall he bye his braury dere, and paie therefore so well,
 He shall not boste of that he gains in heauen nor in hell.
 So all in fuerie flang he forthe, and to this man he goes
 That was in deede so farre in debt for meate, for drincke, and close,
 And thrust hym in a prison strong where feeble foodes he had,
 And heauie irons whiche might make a sillie soule full sad!
 His mistres, knowyng of the cace, her promes thought to kepe,
 So wakynge in a moone-shine night, when neighbours were a slepe,
 She drie her nere the prison doore, and at a windowe pried,
 Where planly full before her vewe her seruaunt had she spied:
 To whom she spake, and told her mynde as closely as she might,
 And gaue him councell in good tyme to steale awaie by night.

And left hym files to sette hym free, and robes to doe hym good,
With some hard eggs and bread in baggs, and told hym nere a wood
There was a brome, where she wold wait for hym whe' time drue on :
That doen, she toke a frendly leuse, for then she must be gon.
The prisner did deuise his beste, and bent to doe or dye,
Prepaerd eche' thing in order well, as he on strawe did lye.
The tyme approcht of his adue, and she was come in deede
Unto the place appointed right with gold and wealth for neede ;
But breakyng doune a rotten wall the prisner was in feare,
For out of bedde his keeper stept, and asked, who was there ?
With that the prisner stumbled on a hatchet sharpe and keen,
And raught the gealer suche a blowe that long was felt and seen.
He cried and rored like a bull, where at the village throwe
Was vp, and streight to horsebacke went, but loe the prisner nowe
Was at the wood, where he had found his mistres all alone,
Who wept and blubberd like a child, and made so greate a mone,
For that thei bothe in daunger were, but what should more be saied ?
The man pluckt vp his harte and sprites, the woman sore afraied
Ran home againe to father's house ; and he that now was free
Had neither minde on gold nor gilt, but to the brome goes he ;
And there abode a happie howre, yea twoo daies long at least
He laye as close on cold bare ground, as bird doeth in warme neast :
His mistres well escaped home, and in the house she was
Before the crie and larum rose, so blamlesse did she passe :
And her poore seruaunt had wide worlde to walke in now at will,
Although he was in hazard greate, and long in daunger still ;
For he had three score mile to goe emong his ennies all,
Whiche he did trudge in foule darke nights, and so as happ did fall
He scapt a scourge and scouryng bothe, and came where he desierd,
And finely had deceiud his foes, what could be more requierd ?
Yet long at home he could not rest to warrs againe he went,
Where, in greate seruice sondrie tymes, but half a yere he spent ;
And loe his deasteinie was so straunge he taken was againe,
And clapt vp closely for a spie, and there, to tell you plaine,
He was condemde to lose his hedde, no oth'r hope he sawe :
The daie drewe on of his dispatche to dye by marciall lawe ;

The people swarmyng in the streets, and scaffold readie there,
 A noble dame his respito craud, and spake for hym so feare
 That then the maister of the campe his honest answere hard,
 For whiche he came in credite streight, and was at length prefar'd
 To right good roome and wages too, then ritchly home he drewe,
 And left the warrs, and in greate heate he for a wife did sewe.
 But haste maker waste, an old prouerbe, for he was wivd indeede,
 God sende all soldiours in their age some better lucke at neede!
 Now he bethought hym on the woords the widdowe tolde hym of,
 Whiche long he held but as a ieast, a scorne, and merrie scoffe.
 She saied, That witte and wealth were good, but who a wiunyng goes
 Must needs be sure of wealth before, els he his sorte shall lose:
 For want but breeds mislikyng still, and wit will weave but woe
 (In louer's lomes, where clothe is rackt, as farre as thredes will goe),
 And whe' the threedes of wealth doeth breake let wit and wisdom too
 Doe what thei can to tie the threedes the knot will sure vndoo.
 The storie treats no more thereof, yet therein maie you see
 That some haue vertues and good witte, and yet unluckie bee
 In wiunyng wealth, in worldly happs, whiche common are of kinde:
 To all, and yet the vse thereof but to a fewe a sinde:
 For some haue all their parents left, all thei them selues can catche,
 And tenne men's liuyngs in one hande; and some haue nere a patche;
 And some not borne to sixteene pence finde twentie waies to get
 By happe, yet some, as wise as thei, no hande thereon maie sette.
 I heard a white hoare hedded man in this opinion dwell,
 That witte with wealth, and hap with witte, would gree together wel,
 But for to chuse the one alone, he held that happ was beste,
 He saied, witte was a happie gifte, but wealth made all the feaste.
 Witte with the wise must companie keepe, then cold oft is his chere,
 Wealth hath companions eury where, and banketts all the yere,
 Wealth hath the waie, the cappe, and knee, and twentie at his taile,
 When witte hath nere a restyng place no more then hath a snaille:
 Wit is compeld to be a slauie to wealth and serue hym still,
 Yet wealth is naked w/out witte, nought worthe where lacketh skill.
 But if that wealth maie match with hap, then bid fine wit goe pleas,
 Our old prouerbe is giuen me hap, and cast me in the sea

A TRAGICALL DISCOURSE OF THE VNHAPPY MAN'S LIFE.

Com courtiars all, draw neer my morning hers,
 Com heer my knell, ear cors to church shall go,
 Or, at the least, come read this wofull vers,
 And last farewell, the haples penneth so:
 And such as doth his lief and manners kno,
 Com shed some teares, and se him painted out
 That restles heer did wander world about.

O pilgrims poer, preace neer my pagent nowe,
 And note full well the part that I haue playd,
 And wyesly waye my thrifles fortune throwe,
 And print in brest eache worde that heer is said !
 Shrinke not, my frindes, step forth, stand not afrayd:
 Though monstrous hap I daily heer possest,
 Some sweater chaunce may bring your hertes to rest.

For though the wreatch in cold and honger lies,
 The happy wyght in pompe and pleasure sittes,
 The weake fale down whear mighty folke aries,
 The sound feels not the feble ague fits,
 So world, you wot, doth serue the finest wittes;
 Though dullards doe in darknes daily run,
 The wyes at will can walke whear shyens the sunne.

And hap fals not to eury man a like,
Some sleeps full sound, yet hath the world at call,
Some leaps the hedge, some lights a mid the dyke,
Some socks the sweat, and some the bitter gawll;
The vse of things blynd deastnie gius vs all;
So though you see ten thousand souls in hell,
Yet may you hoep in heauen's blys to dwell.

Let my mishap a worldly wonder be,
For few can finde the fruit that I did taest;
Ne leaus nor howes I founde vpon the tree,
And whear I plowd the ground lay euer waest:
A man would think the child was borne in haest
Or out of time, that had such lucke as I,
For loe, I looke for larkes when fauls the skye.

No soyll, nor seat, nor season serues my torn,
Each plot is sowen with sorrow whear I goe;
On mou'tayn top, they say, wher torch shuld born,
I find but smoek and loethsom smothing woe;
Neer fountayn hed, wheer springs do daily floe,
Cold ise I get, that melts with warmth of hand,
So that I starue whear cock and condits stand.

I quench smal thirst, wher thousands drink and byb
An empty cup I carry clean away,
And though as lean as raeck is eury ryb,
And hollow cheeks doth hidden grief bewray,
The ritche eates all, the poore may fast and pray:
No butter cleaves vpon my bred at need,
When hongry mawe thinks throet is cut in deed.

The shallow brooks, whear littell peiks ar found,
 I shon, and seek the seas to swymme thear on,
 Yet vessayll sinks, or bark is layd a ground,
 Whear leaking ships in safty still haue gon;
 They harber finde, when hauen haue I non:
 Hap cauls them in, when I am lodgd at large,
 Thus plaines creeps in cold Cook Lorel's barge.

Full thirty yeers both court and warres I tryed,
 And still I sought aquaintaunce with the best;
 And serud the staet, and did such hap abyed
 As might befall, and fortune sent the rest.
 When drom did sound a squildour was I prest
 To sea, or lande, as prince's quarrell stoeid,
 And for the saem full oft I lost my blood.

First at VVark
vwith George
Lavson.

Taken vnder
the lorde admi-
rall at Saynt
Mynins.

In Scotland long I lingred out my yeers,
 When VVyliford lyud, a worthy wight indeed,
 And thear, at length, I fell so farre in breers,
 I taken was, as deasny had decreed.
 Well, yet with woords I did my foes so feed,
 That thear I lyud in pleasuer many a daye,
 And skaeft so free, and did no randsom paye.

Some sayd I found in Scotland fauour then:
 I graunt my pomp was more than reason wold,
 Yet on my band I sent hoem sondry men
 That eis had pyend in pryson, pyncht with cold.
 To French and Scots so fayr a taell I tolde,
 That they beleeu'd whyt chalk and chees was oen,
 And it was pearll that proued but pybbull stoen.

In Lavvther fort I clapt my self by sleight,
 So fled from foes and hoem to frynds I past;
 The French in haest besiegd that fortres streight,
 Then was I like to light in fetters fast;
 But, loe! a peace broek vp the seeg at last,
 When weery wars, and wicked blodshed great
 Maed both the sydes to seek a quiet seat.

Vnder Sir Hue
 VVyllovvbe.
 Mounsoer de-
 Terms besieged
 this fort.

From thens I cam to England as I might,
 And after that to Irlande did I sayll,
 Whear Sellenger, a wyes and noble knight,
 Gau me such place as was to myen adusayll
 Than teasers walkt as thick as doth the haill
 About the world: for loe, from thence I boer
 For seruice doen, of money right good stoe.

Sir Anthony
 Sentlyger
 deputie of
 Irlande.

Hoem cam I thoe, and so to Fraunce did faer,
 When that their kyng wan Meatts, throw fatchis fien
 So on the stock I spent, all voyd of caer,
 And what I gaet by spoyll I held it myen.
 Than down I past the pleasant floed of Ryen,
 And so I sarud in Flaunders, note the saem,
 Whear loe, at first, my hap fell out of fraem:

Meatts in Lo-
 rain vpon by
 treason.

In Fraunce ser-
 ued vnder Cap-
 tayne Crayer.

For I was clapt in pryson without cawse,
 And straightly held for comming out of Fraunce.
 But God did work, throwe iustice of the lawse,
 And help of frindes, to me a better chaunce.
 And still I hoept the warres wold me aduaunce,
 So trayld the piek, and world began a nue,
 And lockt like hawk that laetly cam from mue.

In Charles the
 Fift's time vnder
 Captain Matson.
 Got out of prison
 by helpe of the
 noble Madame
 Sell de Embry.

Three yeer at least I sawe the emprour's warres,
 Than hoemward drue, as was my wonted traed,
 Whear sunne and moen and all the seuen starres
 Stood on my syed, and me great welcom maed;
 But wether fayre and flowrs full soen will faed;
 So people's loue is like nne besoms oft,
 That sweeps all clean, whyels broem is green and soft.

Eight yeres vnder
my Lorde Grey.

Well oens again to warrs I drue me fast,
 And with Lord Grey at Giens I did remayn,
 Where he or his in any serues past
 I followed on, among the warlyk trayn,
 And sometime felt my part of woe and payn
 As others did, that cannon well could like,
 And pleasuer took in trayling of the pike.

At length the French did Giens besiege ye wot,
 And littell help or succour found we tho,
 By whiche fowl want it was my heauy lot
 To Parris streight, with good Lord Grey, to goe
 As prisners boeth, the world to well doth knoe.
 By tract of tyme and wonders charge in deed
 He hoemward went, and took his leue with speed;

But poest aloen I stoed, alack the whyell,
 And contrey clean forgot me, this is true;
 And I might liue in sorrowe and exyell,
 And pien away, for any thing I kneue;
 As I had baect in deed, so might I brue;
 Not one at hoem did seek my greef to heall,
 Thus was I clean cut of from common weall.

Yet loe a shif to scaep away I founde,
When to my fayth my taker gaue no trust,
I did deuies in wryting to be bonnde
To come again; the time was set full iust,
But to retorne forsooth I had no lust;
Sens faith could get no credit at his hand,
I sent him word to come and sue my band.

Oens agayne
eskaped out of
pryson.

He came him selfe to court, as I did heer,
And told his taell as fielenly as he might,
At Ragland than was I, in Monmouth sheer,
Yet whan in court this matter cam to light,
My friendes did say that I had don him right.
A soldiour ought vpon his faith to go,
Which I had kept, if he had sent me so.

Serued vnder
my Lord Grey
at Leeth.

Well, yet my minde could neuer rest at boem,
My shues wear maed of running leather suer,
And boern I was about the world to roem,
To see the warres, and keep my hand in vre.
The Frenche ye knoe did Englishemen procuer
To come to Leeth, at siedge wherof I was,
Till Frenche did seeke in ships away to pas.

A littoll breath I toek than after this,
And shaempt my self about the court to be,
And eury daye, as right and reason is,
To serue the prince in court I settled me;
Some frends I found, as frends do go you se,
That gaue me wordes as sweet as hony still,
Yet let me lyue by hed and conning skill.

I croetcht, I kneeld, and many a cap could vayll,
 And watched laet, and early roes at moern,
 And with the throng I followwd hard at tayll,
 As braue as bull, or sheep but nuely shoern,
 The gladdest man that euer yet was boern,
 To wayt, and staer among the staets full hye,
 Who feeds the poer with many frendly eye.

But who can liue with goodly lookes aloen,
 Or mirry wordes, that sounds like tabrer's pyep?
 Say what they will, they loue to keep their own,
 And part with nought that commeth in their griep:
 You shall haue nuts, they say, when ploms aer riep.
 Thus all with shalls or shaels ye shall be fed,
 And gaep for gold, and want both gold and led.

The proef therof maed me to seke far hens;
 To Anvverp than I trudged on the spleen,
 And all in haest to get some spending pens
 To serue my torn, in seruice of the queen;
 But God he knoës my gayn was small I ween;
 For though I did my credit still encrease,
 I got no welth by warres, ne yet by peace.

A captaine of
great charge
vnder the Prince
of Arrage.

Yet harke, and noet, I praye you, if you pleas,
 In Anvvarp town what fortune me befell:
 My chaunce was such whan I had past the seas
 (And taken land, and thereon rested well)
 The people jard, and rang a larom bell:
 So that in aermes the town was eury whear,
 And fewe or noon of lief stod certain thear.

A noble prince I sawe amyd that broyll,
 To whom I went, and swaer his part to taek,
 The commons caem, all set on raeg and spoyll,
 And gaue me charge to keep my wytis a waek:
 The prince, for loue of king and countreis saek,
 Had me do well, and shed no gyltis blood,
 And sauе from spoyll poer people and there good.

I gaue my fayth and hand to do the saem,
 And wrought the best that I could worke therefoer;
 And brought, at length, the commons in such fraem,
 That some wear bent to blo the coell no moer;
 Yet some to rage and robbry ran full soer,
 Whom I reformd, so that no harm did fall
 To any wyght, among the commons all.

He saued re-
 ligious houses
 and most of the
 towne from
 burning.

The streets we kept, and braek ne house nor doer,
 And for three dayes made no man's finger bleed;
 I daer auoutch that neither ryche nor poer
 Could say they lost the valeur of a threed.
 Well, what of that, you kno an honest deed
 Is soen forgeot of such as thanckles be:
 For in the end it fared so by me.

The town I kept from cruell sword and fier
 Did seek my lief, when peace and all was maed;
 And such they wear, that did my blud desier,
 As I had saude from bloes and bluddy blaed.
 I crept away, and hid me in the shaed;
 But as the daye and sun began to shien,
 They fellowd fast with force and practies fien.

Note.

eskaped, by
God's helpe,
out of great
daunger.

In priest's atyer, but not with shauen crown,
I skaeft their hands that sought to haue my hed;
A forckid cap, and pleytted cortall gowns,
Far from the church stoeid me in right good sted,
In all this whyell ne masse for quick nor ded
I durst not sing, a poesting priest I was,
That did in haest from post to pyller pas.

Follovvde by
the marshall
8 dayes.

In Brigges than the parson's breeches did quake,
For there a clarke came tinging of a bell,
(That in the towne did such a rombling make,)
I could not walke in vickar's garments well,
So there I wisht my selfe in cockell shell,
Or sea man's slopps, that smeld of pitch and tarre,
Which roebs I found ear I had traueil farre.

At the Slues
the marshall
and he vvere
both in one
ship together.

A marshall came, and seartcht our woole fleet, than
In boat I leapt, and so throw Sealand went;
And many a day a silly weary man
I trauelde there, and stooide with toile content,
Till God, by grace, a better fortune sent
And brought mee home in safety as you knoe:
Great thancks to him I gie that sarude me soe.

A drift of the
Duke of Alua
to dispatch me.

In court, where I at rest and peace remainde,
I thought apoen the part that Flemings plaide,
And for good will, since I was so retainde,
I thought to make those roisters once afraide:
So hoiste vp saile, when I had anckar waide,
And into Fraunce I slipte, with much a do,
Where lo, a net was making for mee to.

Yet paste I throuwe to Paris without stoppe,
 When ciuill broils were likely to begin;
 And standing there, within a marchaunt's shoppe,
 I heard one saye, the prince was comming in
 To Flaunders fast, with whom I laet had bin
 Before, you wotte: thus, hauing mirrie nues,
 I stoole away, and so did Fraunce refues.

The Lord Embas-
 sador, novve Lord
 Norris, did helpe
 mee avay.

But, by your leaue, I fell in daungers deepe,
 Before I could in freedome go or ride;
 Deuouring wolues had like to slaine the sheepe,
 And wiept their mouthes apon the mution's hide.
 Nought goes amisse where God wil be the gide,
 So throw the place, where parrel most did seeme,
 I past at will, when daunger was exstreeme.

The prince I found from Callen at his house,
 And there I saw of roitters right good store
 Who welcomde mee with many a mad carouse,
 Such is their gies, and hath bin euer more.
 To Flaunders thus we marcht, and God before,
 And near the Rine our camp a season laye,
 Till money came, and had a genrall paye.

In Flaunders longe our campe remayned still,
 And sweete with sowre we tasted sondry wayes;
 Who goes to warrs must feele both good and ill,
 Some liket it not, and some that life can prayes,
 Where nights are cold and many hongrie dayes:
 Some will not be, yet such as loues the drom
 Takes in good parte the chaunces as they com.

Perhaps my share was not the sweetest theare:
 I make no boest, nor finde no fault therein,
 I sought my selfe the burthen for to bear,
 Amonge the rest that had oer charged bin,
 If smart I felt, it was a plague for sin;
 If ioy I founde, I knew it would not last;
 If wealth I had, lo, waest came on as fast.

A peasant be-
 traide me, and
 yet vvas God
 my deliuere.

When prince did passe to Fraunce, and Flaunders laft,
 I licence sought to see my nativie soile:
 He told me than the French, by some fine craft,
 On me, at length, would make a pray and spoile.
 I toke my leaue, not fearing any foile;
 But ere the day the skie had cleane forsoek,
 I fell in snare, as fishe on baited hook.

Note.

A wofull tale it is to tell in deede,
 Yet heare it out, and how God wrought for mee:
 The case was such, that I a gide did neede,
 So in the field, full nere a willow tree,
 I founde a carle, that needs my gide must bee.
 His hand I had, his hart hid halte the while,
 And treason did throwe trust the true begile.

We held the waye vnto St. Quintayns right
 As I did thincke, but long two leages I lost:
 To ease my horse, he bade me oft a light,
 But I therat seemde dumme and deaffe as post:
 Of stomacke stoute the way oft times he crost
 And soughte to take my bridle by the raine,
 That sleight I found, and so he lost his paine.

Had I turnde backe the peysants wear at hand,
 Who mounted were on better horse than I.
 A village neare there was, within that land,
 Whear, loe, my gide would haue me needs to lye:
 Not so, my frend, I aunswarde very hye;
 Where at he knew the padde in straw was founde,
 So toke the ball, and stroke it at rebounde.

Thou canst not scape, (quoth he) then light a downe;
 Thou art but dead, thy life here shait thou lose.
 And there withall the carle began to frowne,
 And laide his hand apon my lether hose:
 Throw sines he made, the towne by this aroes,
 And some by warres that lately lost their good,
 Sought to reueng the same apon my blood.

A great tre-
 cherie.

My gied leapt vp apon the horse I roode,
 And flang away as fast as he could drive.
 Downe was I haeld, and on my face they troode,
 And for my roebs the tormenters did striue:
 My gide did crie, O leave him not aliuie,
 An English churle he is, his tongue doth shoe,
 And gold he hath good store, full well I knoe.

They stript me streigthe from doblet to my short,
 Yet hose they lafte vntoucht, as God it would
 No powre they had to do me further hort,
 For, as the knife to throte they gan to hold,
 To saue my life an vpright tale I told.
 They, hearing that, laid all their weapons downe
 And askt me, if I knew Saint Quintain's towne?

I past thereby whan to the Spawe I went,
 (Quoth I) and there my pasport well was veaud.
 If that be true, said one, thou shalt be sent
 From hens in bast, and so they did conclud
 To towne I should, from sauge country rued.
 So in the hey they laid me all that night,
 Yet sought my life, before the day was light.

A secret-pro-
vision of God.

But as with weedes some suffrants flower gross,
 So, in that soile, a blessed man was bred,
 Which vndertooke to keepe me from my foes,
 And sauе my life, by fine deuice of .hed.
 He cald me vp, when they wear in their bed,
 And bade me go with him whear he thought best,
 Lest in that place full smal should be my rest.

I followde on as he did lead the trace;
 He brought me safe where I in surety stood,
 Thus God, throw him, did shoe his nught and grace,
 Which joyde me more than all this worldly good,
 The other sort wear butchers all for blood,
 And daily slue such stragglars as they toek,
 For whom they laie and watcht in many a noek.

The Captaine of
 Pyroen ha'dlod
 me hardly.

That hazard paste, I found more mischieues still,
 But none so great, nor none so much to fear:
 With toile and paine, with sleigte of head and skill,
 From Frau'e I came, (and left al mischief thear).
 Nowe here what fruite my natvie soile doth bear;
 See what I reap, and marke what I hane sowne;
 And let my luseke throwe al this land be knowne.

First let me tell, how fortune did me call
To Garnesey, thoe to staye my troubled miend;
Wheare well I was, althogh my wealth was smal,
And long had dwelt, if destnie had assiend.
But, as the shippes is subiect to the windes,
So we muste chaenge as checking chaunces falls,
Who tossest men about like tennis balls.

Under Cap-
taine Leighto'
after all these
toiles.

This chaunce is she some say that leads men out
And brings them home, when least they looke therefore:
A dallyng dame that breeds both hope and dout,
And makes great wounds, yet seldom salues the soer;
Not suer on sea, nor certaine on the shoer;
A worldly witch that dealls with wanton charms,
For one good turne, she doth ten thousand barms.

A figge for chaunce, this fortune bears no shaep;
The people fonde a name to fortune giue,
Which sencelesse soules do after shadoes gaep:
Great God doth rule, and sure as God doth liue
He griendis the corne, and sifts the meale throw siue,
And leaues the bran as refues of the flowre,
To worke his will, and shoe his mightie powre.

Promoshion comes ne from the East nor West,
Ne South nor North, it faulls from heauen hie!
For God himselfe sets vp who he thinkes best,
And casts them downe whose harts would clime the skie.
Thus earthly happs in worldlings doth not lie.
We trudge, we runne, we ried, and breake our braine,
And backwarde come the selfe same stepps againe.

Note.

Till time sprotche that God will man prefare,
 With labours long in vaine we beat the ayre:
 Our destnies dwell in neither moone nor starre,
 Nor comfort coms from people foule nor fayre:
 Smal hoep in those that sits in golden chayre,
 Their moods, their minds, and all we go about,
 Takes light from him that puttis our candel out.

Note.

This argues now all goodnes freely groes
 From him that first made man of earthly mold,
 And floeds of wealth into their bosome floes
 That cleerly can his blessed will behold,
 As sheppards do keepe safe their sheepe in fold,
 And gardnar knoes how flowrs shold watred be,
 So God giues ayde, ear man the want can se.

Helps coms not sure by hap or head's deuice;
 Though wits of men are means to worke y^e waxe,
 And cunning hands do often cast the dice,
 All these are toyes trust vp in tinkar's packs:
 No flame wil ryes till fier be thrust to flaxe;
 No brantch may bud till he that made the plant
 With dew of grace in deede supplies the want.

Can earth yeild fruit til spring time sap do shoe?
 Can ayre be cleer till foggys and miests are fled?
 Can seas and floeds at eury season floe?
 Can men giue life to shapes, and bodies dead?
 Such secrets pas the reatche of man's vaine head:
 So loke to reap no corne for all our toile
 Till haruest come, and God hath blest the soile.

The pottar knoes what vessail serues his turne,
 And therein still he powreth liquor sweete:
 The cooke well notes what wood is best to burne,
 And what conceites is for the banquet meete:
 The captaine marks what souldiour hath most spreets,
 And calls that man to charge and office great,
 Whan he thincks good, and saruice is in heat.

Dare any wight presume to take the place
 Of worthy charge, till he thereto be cald?
 Dare subiect brag before the prince's face,
 Or striue wyth staets that are in honour stauld?
 Dare village boest with cittie stronglye wauld?
 Dare children clime till they good footing find?
 No, all thing yelds to him that leads the minde.

He lifts aloft, he flingeth downe as faste;
 He giues men fame, and plucks renowne awaye;
 Hap doth not so, for chaunce is but a blaste,
 An idle word wherewith weake people playe.
 Hap hangs and holds on hazarde eury waye,
 And hazard leanes on doubt and danger deepe,
 That glads but few, and maketh millio's weepe.

Note.

I vse this terme of hap in all I write,
 As well to make the matter large and long,
 As any cause, or dram of great delite
 I take therein: but here I do yoe wrong
 To leade your eares with such a senceles song,
 From hearing that I promesde haue to ende
 The bare discourse, the haplesse man hath pende.

So comming home, and crept from toills abroad,
 (With charged brest and heuy heaving hart,)
 I thought in courte my burthen to vnoed,
 And cast away the cares of former smart:
 But there alas my chaunce is so oerthwart,
 I sit, and sighe, and fold mine armes with all,
 And in old grieves a freshe begin to fall.

Yea, thear where most my hope and haunt hath bin,
 Where yeares and dayes I spent apon the stocke;
 And diuers doe good hap and frendship win,
 (And duetie makes a world of people flocke,)
 And thousands, loe, drawes water from the cocke,
 I skarce may moist my mouth when thirst is great,
 And hart is cleane consuemde with skalding heat.

A spring of kinde doth floe aboue the brim,
 You cannot stoppe a fountaine, if you would,
 For throw harde rockes it runneth cleare and trim,
 And, in some grounde, it casts vp graynes of gould;
 It bursts the earth, and deepeley diggs the mould,
 It gusheth out, and goes in sondry vayns
 From mountaine's topp, and spredeth all the plains.

The spring creeps vp the highest hill that is,
 And many wells thear on are easlye found;
 And this I wott, where you do water mis
 Small fruite doth groe, it is but barraine grounde:
 The soile is sweete where pleasaunt springs abounde,
 The cowslop sproutes where springs and fountaines bee,
 And floods begin from fountaine heads, you see.

The labring man thear at doth coell his heat;
 The byrds do baeth their breasts full brauely thear;
 The brutest beasts there in finds pleasure great,
 And likes not halfe so well another whear:
 What cause in mee, what dout, what fault, or feare
 That I maye not, in this so weak a plite,
 Go drinck my fyll, whear eatch thing haeth delite?

The moer we draw the waetter from the well
 The better farre we bring the spring in fraem;
 The seas themselues of natuer ries and swell
 The moer the winde and weather works the saem;
 The fier borns best when bellows bloes the flaemi;
 Let things stande still, and stoer them not in time
 They shall decaye by meane of drosse and slime.

Note.

I see some streams with sticks aer choked vp;
 And riuers large are marde with beds of sand;
 I see some bring from doells an empty cup
 Yet craues an almes, and shoes a needye hand;
 I see baer boyes befoer the banquet stand
 And no man sayth, loe, poer man, if thou wutt,
 Take heer a dishe to fill thy hongry gutt.

Of cormrant kinde some crammed capons aer,
 The moer they eat the moer they may consumem;
 Some men likewise the better that they faer
 The worse they be, and sicker of the ruem;
 And some so chaef, so frowne, so fret and fuem
 When qthers feede, they cannot, God he knoes,
 Spaer any time the dropping of thear noes.

The bordis aer spred and feasts aer made thereon,
 And sutch sit downe that haeth their bellies full,
 Whose greedy mouthes from dogg would snatch y^e boen,
 Which snodges swell, and loke like greisie wull;
 They puffe, they bloe, yea, like a baited bull,
 And shoue them backe that on small croems would feede,
 Whose pashent harts maks vertue of a neede.

The glotton thincks his belly is to small,
 When in his eye a deintie morsell is;
 He grins, and gaeps, as though no crom shold fall
 From him, and looks as al the world wear his;
 Thus sutch as want aer suer the poest to kis,
 For powlting pried doth preace so fast in place,
 That poer plain Tom daer skarce come sho his face.

Eatch one doth seeke for to aspier and ries,
 Yet haet we those that doth by vertue clime:
 The foole hee skorns the worship of the wies,
 Yet dolts presuem beyond the wyes some time:
 And all this strief is but for dros and slime
 That out of earth wee digg, with daungers deepe,
 Full hard to winne, and much more wors to keepe.

This makes me mues when some haue heaps in bord
 They will not help the neerest freinde they haue,
 And yet with smiels, and many a frendly word,
 They graunt to giue before a man doth craue:
 Sutch barbors fine can finely pou, and shau,
 And washe full cleane till all away they washe,
 Than good Sir Griem, like lobb, they leave in lashe.

What should men loes when they enoughe haue had,
 If they did part with things that might be sparde?
 A litle peece, out of a golden gad,
 For seruice long might be a great rewarde.
 No, no! as steele and flinte is stiffe and harde,
 So world is wuxt, and no good turne is founde;
 But whear in deede do doble giftes rebounde?

Wee make a legge, and kisse the hand with all,
 (A French deuice, nay sure a Spanish tricke,)
 And speake in print, and say, Loe at y'our call
 I will remaine, your owne both dead and quicke.
 A courtiar soe can giue a lobbe a licke,
 And dresse a dolt in motley for a while,
 And so in sleeue at sillye wodcocke smile.

If meaning went with painted words and shoes,
 It might suffice such cortteis cheer to taest;
 But with the same disdaine and enuye goes,
 And frompry great, with words and winde in waest.
 Than, arme in arme, coms flattery, full of haest,
 And leads away the sences out of frame,
 That vpright witts are thereby stricken lame.

This lowtting lowe, and bowing downe the knee
 But groeps men's minds to creepe in credit's lapp,
 Like malte horse than he holds vp head you see
 That late before could vaile both knee and capp;
 The nurse a while can feede the child with papp,
 And after beate him on the breech full baer:
 A swarne, God wot, of these fine natuers aer.

There be that biets, yet gronts and whines withall;
 There be that winnes, yet sweare and say they loes;
 There be that stops, and steals away the ball;
 There be that plantes a weede, and plucks a roes;
 There be pleads wante, to whom the fountaine floes:
 Such hieds there haps to make the world to thincke
 At fayre well-head they neede not for to drincke.

The whale you see eates vp the little fishe,
 The pettie peuk with sammon may not swim;
 The greatest heads aet fedde with finest diahe;
 To foulest pits fayre water runneth trim;
 Hee gets the gaine that standeth nere the brim;
 He bloes the cole that hath cold fingers still;
 He starues for bread that hath no corne at mill.

A world to see, the course and state of things,
 Some would get vp, yt knoest not where to light;
 Some soer the skies that neuer had no wings;
 Some wrastle well by cunning, not by might;
 Some seems to iudge fayre coulours without sight;
 And eury one, with some odde shift or grace,
 In world, at will, runs out a goodly race.

But, to be plaine, I lagg and come behinde,
 As I wear lame, and had a broken legg;
 Or els I cannot lye within the windre
 And harken still, what I might easlie begg;
 I neede not say in my mouth I haue a geegg,
 For I haue spoke and sped in matters small,
 By helpe of him that hath my urses all.

But farre, God wot, I am from that I seeke,
And misse the marke that many men do hit;
Wherfore salt tears do trickle downe the cheeke,
And hart doth feele full many a wofull fit,
And so aside in sollem sorrow sit,
As one in deede that is forsaken cleane
Wher most he doth deserue, and best doth meane,

No matter now though ech man march and tread
On him that hates the life he bears about,
Yet such as shall these beauy uerses read
Shall finde I blame my fortune out of dout,
But sens on hope no better hap will sprout,
I yeild to death, and vpward lift the minde
Wher lothsome life shall present comfort finde.

Sens hope can haue no hony from the huie,
And paines can plucke no pleasure for his toile,
It is but vaine for weery life to striue
And streatch out time with tormént and tormoile;
Get what we can, death triumphes oer the spoile.
Than note this well, though we win neir so mitch,
When death taeks al, we leaue a mizer ritch.

To liue and lacke is doble death in deede;
A presente death exceeds a lingring woe;
Sens no good hap in youth did helpe my neede,
In age why should I striue for fortune soe?
Old yeers are come, and haests me hens to goe,
The time draws on, I hate the life I haue,
When hart shall breake, my grieve shall ende in graue.

Should I seeke life that finds no place of rest,
 Ne soile nor seate to shroude me from the ayre?
 When cramping colde beclippes my carefull brest
 And dolor driues my hart in deepe dispayre?
 For such foule dayes darke death is wondrous fayre;
 As good to make the skrawling worms a feast,
 As pleas the world, wher mischiefe maks her neast.

Hie time it is to haest my carkas hens;
 Youth stoole awaye, and felt no kinde of ioye,
 And age he laft in tranelly euer sens;
 The wanton dayes that made me nice and coye
 Wear but a dreame, a shadoe, and a toye.
 Sith slaurye heer I finde, and nothing els,
 My hoem is thear wher soule in freedome dwela.

In warrs and woe my yeers aer waested clean;
 What should I see, if lordly lief I led?
 I loek in glas, and finde my cheeks so lean,
 That eury owre I do but wishe mee ded:
 Now back bendes downe, and forwards faulſt the hed,
 And hollow eyes in wrinckled brow doth shrowd,
 As though two stars wear creping vnder clowd.

The lipps waxe cold, and loeks both pale and thin;
 The teeth fawls out, as nutts forsoek the shaell;
 The baer bald head but shoes whear hear hath bin;
 The liuely ioynts waxe weery, stiffe, and staell;
 The reddy tongue now folters in his taell;
 The wearishe face, and tawney collour shooes
 The corraeg quaills, as strength decayes and goes.

The sweete delites are dround in dulled minde;
 The gladsome sports to groning sighes are bent;
 The frisking lims so farre from frame I finde,
 That I forthincke the time that youth hath spent;
 But when I way that all these things wear lent,
 And I must pay the earth her dutie throw,
 I shrincke no whit to yeld these pleasures now.

Had I possest the giftes of fortune heer,
 A house, a wyfe, and children therewithall,
 And had in store (to make my frendes good cheer)
 Sutch commo^d things as neighbours haue at call,
 In such dispayre perchaunce I would not fall;
 But want of this, and other lackes a skore,
 Bids me seeke death, and wishe to liue no more.

Yet for to beare a peece of all my woes
 (And to impart the priuie pangs I felt)
 From countrie soile, a sober wife I choes,
 In mine owne house with whom I seldom dwelt;
 When thousandes slepte I waekt, I swet, I swelt
 To compas that I never could attaine,
 And still from hoem abroed I braek my braine.

The thatcher hath a cottage poore you see,
 The sheppard knoes where he shal sleepe at night,
 The daily drudge from cares can quiet bee:
 Thus fortune sends some rest to eurye wight.
 So borne I was to house and lande by right;
 But in a bagg to court I brought the same
 From Shrewsbrye towne, a seate of auncient fame.

What thinkes my frindes that thear behind I laft!
 What fault finds she that gaue me lief and suck?
 O courting sien, thou art to cold a craft!
 The carter haeth at hoem much better luck.
 Well, well, I saye, a due all worldly muck,
 Ne howse, nor land we bear awaye, I knoe
 I naked cam, and naked hence must goe.

The greatest kyng must pas the self saem way,
 Our daye of byrth and buriall are alike;
 Their ioye, their pompe, their wealth, and rich araye
 Shall soen consuem, like snow that lies in dieck;
 No bucklar serues when sodayn death doth striek.
 As soen may coem a poer man's soule to blys,
 As may the rich, or greatest lord that is.

Well, ear my breath my body doe forsaek,
 My spreit I doe bequeath to God aboue;
 My booke, my skrowls, and songs that I did maek,
 I leaue with frindes, that freely did me loue:
 To fyring foes, whoes mallice did me moue,
 I wyshe, in haest, amendment of their wayes;
 And to the court and courtiars happy dayes.

My fortuen straunge to straungers doe I leaue,
 That strangly can retain such straung mishap ;
 To such as still in world did me disseauer
 I wyshe they may bewaer of such lyk trap;
 To sclandrous tonges, that kyld me with their clap,
 I wyshe more rest than they haue gyuen me;
 And bles thoes shreaws that corst and crabbed be.

To such as yet did neuer pleasuer man
 I giue those ryems that nyps the gawlied back;
 To such as would do good and if they can,
 I wyshe good luck, long lief, and voyd of lack;
 To currysh karis a whyp and collyar's sack;
 And to the proud, that stands vpon their braus,
 A waynskot face, and twenty crabtree staves.

To surly syers, that scorns the meaner sort,
 A night cap foord with foyns, I them bequeath;
 To such as skowl at others good report
 (And sets much stoe by their own paynted sheath)
 In sien of luck, I giue a willow wreath:
 To such as aer vnnaemd and merits mutch,
 The stoen I leave that tries the gold by tutch.

To gentill race, with good conditions ioynd,
 I wyshe moer ioy than man imagin maye;
 And sens for poorer I haue no money coynd,
 God graunt them all a mery mariage daye;
 To such as doth delyte in honest playe
 I wyshe the gold that I haue lost thearby,
 And all the wealth I want befoer I dye.

Now frends shack hands, I must be gon, my boyes:
 Our myrry tacks end, our triumph all is don;
 Our tykling talk, our sports and myrry toyes
 Do slyed away, lyke shadow of the son.
 Another coms, when I my race haue ron,
 Shall passe the tyme with you in better plyt,
 And finde good cause of greater things to wryt.



Appendix.

NO. I.

WOOD'S ACCOUNT OF CHURCHYARD, AUGMENTED BY BLISS. FROM "ATHENE OXONIENSES," edit. 4to. 1813. vol. i. col. 727.

THOMAS CHURCHYARD was born of genteel parents in the ancient borough of Shrewsbury, and being much addicted to letters when a child, his father, who had a fondness for him, caused him to be carefully educated in grammar learning, and to sweeten his studies was taught to play on the lute. When he came to the age of about 17, he left his father and relations, and with a sum of money then given to him, he went to seek his fortune; and his heels being equally restless with his head, he went to the royal court, laid aside his books, and for a time, so long as his money lasted, became a royster. At length being reduced low in his purse, he was taken into the service of the most noblé, learned, and poetical Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, lived with him as servant four years in the latter end of K. Hen. 8. In which time applying himself to his book and to the exercising his muse in poetry, he was much countenanced by that most noble count; but that earl being untimely cut off to the great regret of the learned men of that time, in Jan. 1546, the hopes of Churchyard's rising higher were in a manner buried in his grave. Afterwards he turned a soldier of fortune, learned their postures and duty, but suffered much hardship; left that employment, travelled very far to learn the modern tongues, or at least some smattering in them, returned, was wholly bent to his study, and then spent some time in Oxon, in the condition at least of an hospes among his country-

men of Wales; but having a rambling head, return'd to his warlike employment, went into Scotland, as it seems, was there taken prisoner, and upon a peace made, returned to the court very poor and bare, spoiled of all, and his body in a sickly and decay'd condition. It was then that he resolved to continue at home and never go to the wars again, and being then about 30 years of age, he went to Shrewsbury for recruits, and as it seems, for a time, to Oxon. At length he was taken into the service of Robert earl of Leicester, chancellor of the university of Oxon, but found him not such a master as Surrey, being as much different as gold is from glass. Afterwards he wooed a rich widow called Catharine Browning, but she giving him no countenance, he became much passionate, and troubled in mind. In the Spring following, he, contrary to his former resolutions, went to the wars again, (in Flanders as it seems) had a command there, was wounded and takeu prisoner; but, shewing himself a person of bravery and breeding, was respected and well used by the enemy, who setting a great ransome upon him, escaped by the endeavours of a lady of considerable quality, and his supplies for that end were by her exhibited. Afterwards he trudged on foot threescore miles thro' by-ways before he could come to his friends; went home, recruited, went to the wars again, was taken, committed to close custody for a spy, condemned to lose his head by martial law; but by the endeavours of a noble dame was repriev'd, reliev'd, and sent away. So that returning home, he sought again after a wife, and whether he took one, in truth I cannot tell, nor how his life was spent after 1580, when by the men of those times he was accounted a good poet, by others a poor court-poet, but since as much beneath a poet as a rhimer. As for his works, some of them are in prose, but mostly in poetry, yet many of them quite lost, and much labour have I taken to recover the titles of these following :

The Tragedy of Tho. Mowbray Duke of Norfolk. This is a poem printed in *The Myrrour for Magistrates, &c.* 1559, in which edition Tho. Churhyard's name is not set to it, yet it is in the second, 1587, and in the third, 1610.

Chippes, containing twelve several Labours. Lond. [1565.] 1575,* qu. part 1. [Bodl. 4to. C. 48. Art. Seld.] 'Tis a poem dedicated to Christopher Hatton, esq. captain of the queen's guard, and gent. of her majesty's privy-chamber. The twelve several labours therein are these: (1) *The Siege of Leeth*, an. 1560. (2) *A farewell to the World*. (3) *A feigned Fancy of the Spider and the Gout*. (4) *A doleful*

* [An edition 4to. Lond. 1578, in the valuable library of the marquis of Blandford. See *Bibl. Blandford*. Fasc. 4. pag. 5]

Discourse of a Lady and a Knight. (5) *The Road into Scotland by Sir Will. Drewry, Knight,* 13 Elizab. Dom. 1570-1. (6) *Sir Sim. Burley's Tragedy.* (7) *A Tragical Discourse of the unhappy Man's Life.* (8) *A Discourse of Virtue.* (9) *His Dream, written to Will. Herbert, esq. dwelling at S. Gillians by Carliam in Wales.* (10) *A Tale of a Friar and Shoemaker's Wife.* (11) *Siege of Edinburgh-Castle, 15 Elizab. at which Service Sir Will. Drewry, Knight, was general.* (12) *The whole Order of receiving of the Queen's Majesty into Bristol.*

Chippes &c. the second Part. This was by him, the said Churchyard, written, but whether printed I cannot tell, for I have not yet seen the book.

A lamentable and pitiful Description of the woeful Wars in Flanders, since the four last years of the Emperor Charles the fifth his Reign; with a [briefe] Rehearsal of many things done since that Season, until this present Year, and death of Don John. Lond. 1578, qu. [Bodl. 4to. C. 16. Art. BS.] Written in prose, and dedicated to sir Franc. Walsingham, principal secretary of state.

A light Bundle of lively Discourses called Churchyard's Charge. Lond. 1580, qu. 'Tis all poetry, and was presented as a new-year's gift to the earl of Surrey. [A fine copy among Wood's books, No. 482.]

The Story of Jane Shore, Concubine to K. Edw. 4. and of the disposing of her Goods by K. Richard, &c.†*

The Story of Tho. Wolsey. This, (which is imperfect) as also *The Story of Jane Shore*, are poems, and remitted into the second part of *The Myrrour for Magistrates*, printed with the first at Lond. 1587, qu. Afterwards the story of Wolsey being made perfect, it was remitted in the third edition of the said *Myrrour*, &c. 1610.

A spark of Friendship and warm good-will, that sheweth the effect of good affection, &c. Lond. 1588, qu. This, which is written in prose, is dedicated to sir Walt. Raleigh. 'Tis a short discourse of friendship.

A Description and Discourse of Paper, and the Benefits that it brings; with the setting forth of a Paper-Mill, built near Dartford by a High German called Mr. Spilman, Jeweller to the Queen. Lond. 1588, qu. [Bodl. 4to. C. 16. Art. BS.] written in verse.

The honour of the Law. Lond. 1596. 'Tis a poem in one sh. and half in qu.

* [Hath not Shore's Wifte, although a light skirts she,
Giv'n him a chaste, long, lasting memory?]

The Return from Parnassus, act 1 sec. 2. *Old Plays*, vol. iii., p. 216.]

† [See the whole of this piece as printed in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, in *Censura Literaria*, 1806, ii. 991-13; and the additional stanzas printed in the *Challenge* will be found in the same vol. pp. 309-317.]

Choice Mirrour of Honour, &c. Lond. 1597, qu. This I have not seen, and therefore I cannot tell whether it be in verse or prose.

The worthiness of Wales. This, which takes Shropshire within the compass, is written in verse, and printed in an English character, in qu. [Lond. 1587, reprinted 8vo.]

Tragical Discourse of the unhappy Man's Life. This also I have not yet seen.* He hath copies of verses also in divers books that came out in his time, particularly in that called *The Paradise of dainty Devises*, fol. 10, b. in all which may be plainly seen his great passion in bewailing and bemoaning the perplexities of love. He hath also translated into English, and collected (with one Ric. Ro.) a book entit. *A true Discourse Historical of the succeeding Governors in the Netherlands, and the Civil Wars there, began in the Year 1565, &c.* Lond. 1602, qu. which translation was taken out of the rev. E. Meteranus of Antwerp his 15 books *Historie Belgicæ, &c.*

This author, Churchyard, died poor, and is buried near the famous old poet John Skelton in the choir of St. Margaret's church in Westminster. See Weaver, p. 497.

[Churchyard did not die till after the accession of K. James, for he has a *Pæan Triumphal* on the king's entry, 15th of March, 1603. WHALLEY.]

The exact date of his decease has not yet been discovered, but Mr. George Chalmers† has retrieved his day of burial from the parish register of St. Margaret's. This was April 4, 1604.

Nothing remains but to add the titles of such pieces as (after all his labour) escaped the research of my predecessor.

1. *Davie Dicars Dreame*, written, he tells us,‡ ‘in king Edward's daies, and which one Camell wrote against, whome I openly confuted.’ His defence was,

2. *A playn and fynall confutation of Cammell's corlyke oblatraction*, one sheet in folio.

3. *A Discourse of Rebellion, drawne forth for to warne the wanton wittes how to hepe their heads on their shoulders*, 1570.

4. *Liscourse of the Queen's Majestie's Entertainment in Suffolk and Norfolk.*§ First printed in 1577-8, and reprinted in Nichols's *Progresses*.

* [*A Tragical Discourse of the unhappy man's life*, which Wood did not discover, is in *The firste part of Chippes*, 1575. It is a history of his own misfortunes, and contains several particulars not given by any of his biographers.]

† [*Apology for the Belivers in the Shakspere Papers*, p. 65.]

‡ [In the preface to his *Challenge*.]

§ [*Catalogue of the Duke of Roxburgh's books*, 1812, No. 3318.]

5. *A Praise of the Bowe.* Inserted in the *Auncient Order, &c. of Prince Arthure.* Robinson styles Churchyard the queen's 'capteyn, poet, and esquire.'

6. *Churchyard's Choice,* 4to. licensed in 1579.

7. *A warning for the wise, a feare to the fond, a bridle to the lewde, and a glasse to the good.* Written of the late earthquake chanced in London and other places the 6th of April, 1580 : for the glorie of God and benefic of men that warily can walke, and wisely can judge. Set forth in verse and prose, by Thomas Churchyard, gentleman. Lond. 8vo. It is dedicated to Alexander Nowel, dean of St. Paul's, and followed by *A short discourse upon the earthquake, with a pious introduction and prayer; and a poetical improvement of other accidents*, signed by Richard Tarlton, the queen's jester, and the most humorous comedian of his time.*

8. *The Epitaph of sir Philip Sidney, knight, lately lord gouernour of Flushing.* Lond. by George Robinson, without date, in one sheet 4to. (1578.) In a volume of old tracts given by Mrs. Browne Willis to bishop Tanner, now in the Bodleian.

9. *A feast full of sad chear, being Epitaphs on the earl of Worcester, sir James Acrost, controller of the household, sir Will. Winter, sir Will. Holstock, controller of the navy, Dr. Underhill, bishop of Oxford, &c.* Lond. 1592, 4to. In the Bodleian.

10. *Churchyard's Challenge,* London, by Wolfe, 1593, 4to. See extract and table of contents in *Censura Literaria*, ii. 307.

11. *The Mirrour and Manners of Men,* Lond. 1594, 4to. Written, as he says, fifty years before.

12. *A musicall consort of heavenly Harmonie (compounded out of manie parts of Musick) called Churchyard's Charitiie.* London, 1595, 4to.

13. *A Praise of Poetry: some notes thereof drawnen out of the Apologie the noble-minded knight sir Phillip Sydney wrote.* Printed with the former, and reprinted in *Cens. Literaria*, volumes iii. and iv.

14. *The fortunate farewell to the most forward and noble earle of Essex.* Lond. 1599, 4to.

15. *The welcome home of the earle of Essex.* Lond. 1599. Reprinted in Nichol's *Progresses.*

16. *A Blessed Balm to search and salve Sedition,* 4to. 1604, in verse, on account of the plot in which the two priests, Watson and Clark, were executed.

17. *A Rebuke to Rebellion.* A poem. MS. Reg. in Mus. Brit. 17 B vii.

* [See Gough's *British Topography*, i. 691, and the *Catalogue of the Harleian Pamphlets*, no. 222.]

18. *Declaration of Mr. Churchyard, under his own hand, of Lord Arran's message by him to lord Huneton.* MS. Harl. 6999, Art. 111.

19. *Twelve long tales for Christmas, dedicated to twelve honourable Lords.*

20. *A Book of a sumptuous shew in Shrovetide, by sir Walter Rawley, sir Robert Carey, M. Chidley, and M. Arthur George: in which book was the whole service of my Lord of Lester mentioned, that he and his traine did in Flaunders; and the gentlemen pensioners proved to be a great piece of honour to the court.*

The two last are mentioned in the address before his *Challenge*, 1593, but it is doubtful whether they ever appeared. It is known that the following was printed, but no copy is now supposed to exist.*

21. *The Devises of Warre, and a play at Awyterly, her highness being at sir Thomas Gresham's.*

22. *The Lamentation of Churchyard's Fryndshippe.* A ballad printed by Wyer, and perhaps written by our author.

He translated,

23. *The three first booke of Ovid de Tristibus, Lond. 1578, 1580, 4to.* The last in the Bodleian, (4to. Z. 12. Art.) and wrote commendatory verses to Skelton's *Workes*, 1568; Lloyd's *Pilgrimage of Princes*; Gascoigne's *Flowers*, 1575; Huloet's *Dictionarie*, 1572; Jones's *Bathes ayde*, 1575; Cardanus *Conforte*, 1576; Riche's *Alarne to England*, 1578, and Lowe's *Course of Chirurgerie*, 1597.]

* [See Nichols's *Progresses*, vol. iii. pref. and Lysons's *Environs of London*, iii. 26.]

NO. II.

EXTRACTS FROM A SUPPOSED UNIQUE COPY OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

THE earliest printed collection of Christmas Carols hitherto discovered is a leaf of a volume printed by Wynkyn de Worde in the year 1521. This leaf was accidentally picked up by the well-known antiquary Thomas Hearne, who inserted it in a volume of tracts that was purchased at Hearne's decease by Dr. Richard Rawlinson, of St. John's College, Oxford, who bequeathed it (with many others) to the Bodleian Library,

This curious fragment contains two Carols:

1. A caroll of hunteyng.
2. A caroll bringyng in the bores heed.

And the following colophon:

Thus endeth the Christmassē carolles, newely imprinted at Londo, in the fletestrete, at the sygne of the sonne, by wynkyn de worde. The vere of our lord. M. D. M.

The carols themselves should have been inserted in this place had they not been reprinted so lately; the first in Mr. Haslewood's edition of Juliana Berners' "Boke of St. Albans"; the second in Mr. Dibdin's "Typographical Antiquities."

But another curiosity of the same description has been discovered by a friend, who has most liberally allowed me to make this public use of it. This is a collection with the following title:

¶ Christmas carolles newely Inprinted.

[*Wood-cut of our Saviour crucified between the two thieves.*]

**¶ Inprinted at London, in the Poultry,
by Rerhard Kele, dwelvynge at the longe
shop vnder saynt Wyldebes Chyrche.**

It is impossible to say whether the whole of this valuable relique be of Kele's printing, since it is imperfect. For my own part I conceive it to be a part of at least three volumes of carols as there are three different sets of signatures. The first wants probably only the colophon or last leaf, but the others are too imperfect to allow any reasonable conjecture as to their extent or contents.

The following extracts will give the reader a fair idea of the nature of these compositions, and the taste of the times in which they were collected for general dispersion. Nor would he be less surprised at the manners of our ancestors, if delicacy did not restrain me from giving publicity to some of these curious songs, two of which contain the most gross and disgusting obscenity.

It only remains to state that the volume or volumes were probably printed between 1546 and 1552, during which time Kele lived at the Long Shop in the Poultry, and at the sign of the Eagle near unto Stocks Market, in Lombard-street.

**¶ Now syng we as we were wont,
Uexilla regis prodeunt.**

**¶ The kiges baner on felde is playd,
The crosses mistry cā not be nayd,
To whom our sauour was betrayd,
And for our sake,
Thus sayth he, I suffre for the,
My deth I take.**

Now syng we, &c.

**¶ Beholde my shankes, behold my knees,
Beholde my hed, armes, and theos,
Beholde of me nothyng thou sees,**

But sorowe and pyne,
Thus was I spylt, man, for thy gylte,
And not for myne!

Now syng we, &c.

¶ Behold my body how Jewes it doneg,
Wt knots of whipcord and scourges strong,
As stremes of a well y^e blode out sprdg
On every syde,
The knottes were knyt
Ryght well made with wyt,
They made woundes wyde.

Now syng we, &c.

¶ Man, y^e shalt now vnderstand
Of my head, bothe fote and hand,
Are four . C . and fyue thousand
Woundes, and sixty;
Fifty and . vii . were tolde full euen,
Upon my body.

Now syng we, &c.

¶ Syth I for loue bought the so dere,
As thou may se thy self here,
I pray the with a ryght good chere

me agayne,
it lykes me
fie for the
ll this payne.

syng we, &c.

now thou shall
they gree me
and ther will,

Christmas Carols.

The Jewes fell
 These paynes on me, I suffred for the
 To bryng the fro hell.
Now syng we, &c.

¶ Now for thy lyfe thou hast mys led,
 Mercy to aske be thou not adred,
 The leſt drop of blode that I for ye bled
 Myght cleſe the ſoone
 Of all the syn
 The worlde within
 If thou haddest doone
Now syng we, &c.

¶ I was more wrother with Judas,
 For he wold no mercy aske,
 Than I was for his trespass
 Whan he me tolde;
 I was euer redy
 To graunt hym mercy
 But he none wold.
Now syng we, &c.

¶ Lo, how I hold my armes abrode,
 The to receyue redy I sprede,
 For the great loue that I to the had
 Well may thou knowe;
 Some loue agayne
 I wolde full fayne
 Thou woldest to me shewe.
Now syng we, &c.

¶ For loue I aske nothyng of the,
 But stand fast in faythe, and syn thou fie,
 And payne to lyue in honeste,

Bothe nyght and day,
And thou shalt hane blys
That neuer shall myns
Withouten nay.

Now syng we, &c.

¶ Now, Jesu, for thy great goodnes,
That for man suffred great hardnes,
Sauo vs fro the deuyls cruelnes,
And to blys vs send
And graūt vs grace, to se thy face
Withouten ende.

Now, &c.

O my hert is wo!
Mary dyde say so,
For to se my dere sone dye,
Seyng I haue no mo.

¶ WHAN that my swete sone
Was . xxx . wynter olde,
Than the traytour Judas
He became wonders bolde;
For . xxx . plates of money,
His mayster had he solde;
But whan I wyst of that,
Lorde, my herte was colde!
O my herte is wo!

Christmas Carols.

¶ On shere thursday,
 Truely than thus it was,
 On my sones dethe
 That Judas dyd compas;
 Many were the Jewes,
 That folowed hym by trace,
 And before them all
 He kyssed my sones face.
O my herte is wo!

¶ My sone before Pylate
 Then brought was he,
 And Peter sayd . iii . tymes
 He knewe hym not parde;
 Pylate sayd to the Jewes,
 Now what say ye?
 They cryed all with one voyce,
 Crucifge, Crucifge!
O my herte is wo!

¶ On good fryday
 At the mount of Caluary,
 My sone was on the crosse,
 And nayled with nayles there;
 Of all the frendes that he had,
 Neuer one could he se,
 But gentyll Johan, the euangelyst,
 That stylly dyde stand hym by.
O my herte is wo!

¶ Though I sorrowfull were,
 No man haue no wonder,
 For how it was the erth quaked,
 And horrable was the thonder;

I loked vpon my swete sene,
 The cros that he stode vnder,
 Lungeus came with a long spere,
 And clae his herte asonder.
O my hert is wo!

*My harte of golde as true as stele,
 As I me lened to a bough,
 In fayth but yf ye loue my well,
 Lorde so Robyn lough.*

My lady went to Caunterbury,
 The saynt to be her bothe,
 She met with Cate of Malmesbery,
 Why shepyst thou iu an apple rote?
My hart, &c.

¶ Nyne myle to Mychelmas,
 Our dame began to brew,
 Mychell set his mare to gras,
 Lorde so fast it snew.
My harte, &c.

For you, loue, I brake my glasse,
 Your gowne is furred with blew,
 The deuyll is dede: for there I was,
 I wys it is full trew.
My hart, &c.

¶ And yf ye slepe, the cocke wyll crow,
 True hart thynke what I say,
 Jacke napes wyll make a mow,
 Loke, who dare say hym nay?
My hart, &c.

Christmas Carols.

¶ I pray you haue me now in mynde,
 I tell you of the mater,
 He blew his horne agaynst the wynde,
 The crow gothe to the water.

My hart, &c.

¶ Yet I tell you mckyll more,
 The cat lyeth in the cradell,
 I pray you kepe true hart in store,
 A peny for a ladell.

My hart, &c.

¶ I swere by saynt Katheryn of Kent,
 The gose gothe to the grene,
 All our dogges tayle is brent,
 It is not as I wene.

My hart, &c.

¶ Tyrlery lorpyn, the lauerocke songe,
 So meryly pypes the sparow;
 The cow brake lose, the rope ran home,
 Syr, god gyue yow good morow.

My hart, &c.

DE CIRCUMCISIONE DOMINI.

*To encrease our ioy and blysse
 Christus natus est nobis.*

MAKE we mery in hall and bowre,
 And this glorious lady honor we,
 That to vs hathe borne our sauour,
 Homo sine semine.

To encrease, &c.

¶ For as the sonne that shyneth bryght,
Perceth no glas that we may se,
So cōcēyued she Jesu full of myght
Cum virginitatis honore,
To encrease, &c.

¶ Ysay prophecyed longe beforne,
How this Emanuel borne sholde be,
To sauē his people that were forlorne
Dux exurget regere.

¶ We were all in great dystresse
Tyll this lorde dyd make vs free,
Wherof this feste beryth wytnes,
Uenit nos redimere.
To encrease, &c.

¶ A token of loue he fyrt now shewed,
That he on vs woldē haue ptyte,
Whan he for vs was crucyfed,
Ut declaratur hodie.
To encrease, &c.

¶ Most glorious lady, we the pray,
That bereth the crowne of chastyte,
Brynge vs to the blysse that lasteth aye
Feliciter congaudere.
To encrease, &c.

*Be we mery in this feste
In quo saluator natus est.*

IN Betheleem, that noble place,
As by prophesy sayd it was,
Of the vyrgyn Mary, full of grace,
Saluator mundi natus est.
Be we mery, &c.

¶ On chrystmas nyght an angel it tolde
To the shephardes, kepyng theyr folde,
That into Betheleem with bestes wolde
Saluator mundi natus est.

Be we mery, &c.

¶ The shephardes were cōpassed ryght,
About them was a great lyght,
Drede ye nought, sayd the aügell bryght,
Saluator mundi natus est.

Be we mery, &c.

¶ Beholde to you we brynge great ioy,
For why, Jesus is borne this day
(To vs) of Mary, that mylde may,
Saluator mundi natus est.

Be mery, &c.

¶ And thus in fayth fynde it ye shall,
Lyenge porely in an oxe stall.
The shephardes than lauded god all,
Quia Saluator mundi natus est.

Be mery, &c.

A NEW CAROLL OF OUR LADY.

¶ Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,*
 This sayd the aungell Gabryell.

LORDES and ladyes all by dene,
 For your goodnes and honour
 I wyll you synge all of a quene,
 Of all women she is the floure.

Nowell, &c.

¶ Of Jesse there sprange a wyght,
 Isay sayd by prophesy,
 Of whome shall com a man of myght,
 From dethe to lyfe he wyll vs bye.

Nowell, &c.

¶ There cam an aungell bryght of face,
 Flyenge from heuen with full gret lyght,
 And sayd, Hayle! Mary, full of grace,
 For thou shalt bere a man of myght.

Nowell, &c.

¶ Astonyd was that lady free,
 And had meruayle of that gretynge,
 Aungell, she sayd, how may that be,
 For neuer of man I had knowyng?

Nowell, &c.

* *Noel*, in French, or *Nowell*, as it is generally spelled in English, is a corruption from the Latin *Natalis*, and indicated the festival of our Lord's nativity, as well as the cry of joy at Christmas. Afterwards it was the usual exclamation of joy on all festivals, and in this sense is used by Chaucer.

" Janus sit by the fire with double berd,
 And drinketh of his bugle-horn the wine:
 Before him stant braune of the tusked swine,
 And *nowel* crieth every lusty man."

Canterbury Tales, v. 1164.

Christmas Carols.

¶ Dred the nothyng, Mary mylde,
 Thou art fulfylled with great vertew,
 Thou shalt conceyue and bere a chylde,
 That shall be named swete Jesu.

Nowell, &c.

¶ She knelyd downe vpon her knee,
 As thou hast sayd, so may it be,
 With hert, thought, and mylde chere,
 Goddes handmayd I am here.

Nowell, &c.

¶ Than began her wombe to sprynge,
 She went with chylde without man,
 He that is lorde ouer all thynges,
 His fleshe and blode of her had than.

Nowell, &c.

¶ Of her was borne our heuen kynge,
 And she a mayden neuer the lesse,
 Therfore be mery, and let vs synge,
 For this new lorde of Chrystmas.

Nowell, Nowell, &c.

A CAROLL OF THE INNOCENTES.

¶ MARKE this songe, for it is trewe,
 For it is trewe, as clerkes tell:
 In olde tyme straūg thyngs cam to pas,
 Grete wonder and grete meruayll was
 In Israell.

¶ There was one Octauyan,
 Octauyan of Rome Emperour,
 As bokes olde doth speyfye,
 Of all the wyde worlde trulye
 He was lorde and gouernour.

¶ The Jewes that tyme lackyd a kyng,
 They lackyd a kyng to gyde them well,
 The Emperour of power and myght,
 Chose one Herode agaynst all ryght
 In Israell.

This Herode thā was kyng of Jewys,
 Was kyng of Jewys, and he no Jewe,
 Forsothe he was a Panym borne,
 Wherfore on fayth it may be sworne
 He reygned kynge vntrewe.

¶ By prophesye one Isay,
 One Isay, at lest dyd tell,
 A chylde sholde come wōderous newys,
 That shold be borne trewe kyng of Jewys
 In Israell.

¶ This Herode knew one borne shold be,
 One borne sholde be of trewe lenage,
 That sholde be ryght herytour;
 For he but by the Emperour
 Was made by vsurpage.

¶ Wherfore of throught this kyng Herode,
 This kynge Herode in grete fere fell,
 For all the days most in his myrth,
 Euer he fered Chrystes byrth
 In Israell.

¶ The tyme came it pleased God,
 It pleased God so to come to pas,
 For mannes soule in dede
 His blyssed sone was borne wyth spede,
 As his wyll was.

* ¶ Tydylges came to kynke Herode,
 To kynge Herode, and dyd hym tell,
 That one borne forsooth is he,
 Whiche lorde and kynge of all shall be
 In Israell.

¶ Herode thā raged as he were woode,
 As he were wode of this tydynge,
 And sent for all his scrybes sure,
 Yet wolde he not trust the scripture,
 Nor of theyr councellynge.

¶ Than this was the conclusyon,
 The conclusyon of his councell,
 To sende vnto his knyghtes anone
 To sie the chylderne euerychone
 In Israell.

¶ This cruell kynge this tyranny,
 This tyranny dyd put in vre,
 Bytwene a day and yeres too,
 All men chylderne he dyd sloo
 Of Cryst for to be sure.

¶ Yet Herode myssed his cruell pray,
 His cruell pray as was goddes wyll,
 Joseph with Mary than dyd fle,
 With Chryst to Egypt gone was she,
 From Israell.

¶ All this whyle this tyrantes,
 This tyrantes wolde not cōuert,
 But innocentes yonge
 That lay sokynge,
 They thurst to the herte.

¶ This Herode sought the chyldren,
 This chyldren yonge, with corage fell,
 But in doyng thy vengeaunce
 His owne sone was slayne by chaunce
 In Israell.

¶ Alas I thynke the moders were wo,
 The moders were wo, it was grete skyl,
 What motherly payne
 To se them slayne;
 In cradels lyeng styl!

¶ But God him selfe hath theym electe,
 Hath theym electe, in heuyn to dwell,
 For they were bathed in theyr blode,
 For theyr baptym forsoth it stode
 In Israell.

¶ Alas! agayne what hartes had they,
 What harts had they those babes to kyll,
 With swerde whan they hym caught,
 In cradels they lay and laught,
 And neuer thought yll.

NO. III.

SONNETS WRITTEN BY SIR PHILIP SYDNEY, NOT IN HIS WORKS.

Now printed from a Manuscript in the Bodleian Library.

I.

A SATYRE once did runn awaye for dreade
 Of sound of horne, that he him selfe did blowe;
 Fearinge and fearde, thus from him selfe he fiedd,
 Deeming strange euill in that he did not know.

Suche causeles feares when cowardes mynds do take,
 It makes them fye that which they fayne woulde haue;
 As this poore beaste that did his rest forsake,
 Seekinge not whi, but how, him selfe to sauе.

Euen so myght I, for doubte which I conceyue
 Of myne owne soute, myne owne good hope betraye,
 And so myghte I, for feare of (maye be), leauē
 The sweet persute of my desyred praye;
 Better be lyke thy satyre, deerest Dier,
 That burnte his lypps to kiss fayr shininge fyre.

II.

The darte, the beames, the stinge so stronge I proue,
Whiche my chefe parte dothe passe throughe, parche, and tye,
That of the stroke, the heat and knott of loue,
Wounded, inflamde, knitt to the deathe, I dye.

Hardned, and coulde, farr from affectione's snare
Was once my mynde, my temper, and my lyfe;
While I that syghte, desyre and vowe forbare
Whiche to auoyde, quenche, lose, noughte bosted stryfe.

Yet will not I greife ashes thralldom change
For other's ease, their frutte or free estate,
So braue a shott, deere fyre, and bewtye strange
Bid me pearce, burne, and bynde, longe time and late,
And in my woundes, my flames, and bondes I fynde
A salue, freshe ayre, and bryghte contented mynde.

III.

LYKE those sick folke, in whome straunge humors flowe,
Can taste no sweet, the sowre doth only please,
So to my mynde, whyle passions daylye growe
Whose fyery flames vpon his freedome lease,
Joyis straungers be, I cannot byde theire shewe;
Nor brooke ought else than well acquaynted woe.
Bitter greifes taste me best, my Payne is ease;
Sicke to the death, still louinge my disease.

IV.*

Thou Payne, ye only guest of loath'd constrainte,
 The chylde of curse, man's weaknes, foster chylde,
 Brother to woe, and father of complaynte,
 Thou Payne, thou hated Payne, from heven exilde.

 How houldste thou hir, whose eyes constraint doth feare?
 'Whom curst do bless, whose weaknes virtues arme;
 Who other's woes and playnts cann iustly beare;
 In whose swete heauen aungels of hyghe thoughts swarne?

What courage straunge hath caughte thy caytyfe harte?
 Fear'st not a face that on whole hartes deoures;
 Or arte thou from aboue bid playe this parte,
 And so no healpe gaynst enuye of those powers?
 If thus, alas, yet whyle those partes haue woe
 So staye hir tongue, that she no more say O!

V.

And haue I herd hir saye " O cruell Payne!"
 And doth she knowe what mouldre her bewtye bears?
 Mournes she in truth, and thinkes that others Fayne?
 Feares shee to feele, and feeles not others fears?

* This, with the following, (and two other sonnets printed in the " Arcadia" page 475) " were made by Sir P. Sidney when his lady hadd a Payne in her face, the small poxe." So the MS.

Or doth she thynke all Payne the mynde forbeares?
That heauy earth no fyrye spryts may playne?
That eyes weepe worse than harte in blody teares?
That sence feeles more than what doth sence contayne?

No, no, she is to wyse, she knowes hir face
Hathe not suche Payne, as it makes others haue;
She knowes the sycknes of that perfect place,
Hath yet such helth as it my lyfe can sauе;
But this she thynkes our paynes hyghe cause excusethe,
Where her (whoe should rule Payne) false Payne abuseth.

NO. IV.

CHARACTER OF SIR WILLIAM CORVEHILL.

THE following singular paper is taken from Bowen's MSS. Collections for a History of Shropshire, now among the late Mr. Gough's books in the Bodleian. It was transcribed by Bowen from the Register of Sir Thomas Botelar, vicar of Wenlock, in the reigns of Hen. VIII. Edw. VI. Mary, and Elizabeth. Wenlock olim *Winnicas*, was first a nunnery erected by St. Milburga, daughter to K. Merwald, about 680, who presided over it. It was destroyed by the Danes, but restored by Leofric earl of Chester temp. Edw. Conf. but being decayed and forsaken, Roger of Montgomery earl of Arundel, Chichester, and Shrewsbury, rebuilt and endowed it 14 Will. Conq. for a prior and convent of Cluniac monks. It was dedicated to St. Milburg, who was said to be buried here. It was afterwards granted by Hen. VIII. to Augustino de Augustinias.

" 1546, 26 May, burd out of tow tenem^ts in Mardfold-street, next St. Owen's well, Sr. W^m. Corvehill, Priest of the service of o^r lady in this ch^r, wh^t 2 ten^ts belong^d to the s^d service, he had them in his occupacōn in pt of his wages, wh^t was viij marks and the s^d houses in an ov'plus. He was well skilled in geometry, not by speculation but by experience: could make organs, clocks and chimes: in kerving, in masonry, and silk weaving and painting, and could make all instrument^t of musick, and was a very patient and gud man; borne in this borowe, somtyme monk in the monastery; two brethren he had called Dōpne John, monk in s^d montry, and Sr. Audr^a. Corvehill, a secular priest, who died at Croyden, in Surry, on whose souls God haue mercy. All this country had a great loss of Sr. W^m. for he was a good bell founder, and maker of frames."

NO. V.

FAIRY POEMS.

IN a MS. collection of poems by various persons, among Dr. Rawlinson's books in the Bodleian (MSS. Rawl. Poet. 147.) I find the first poem ascribed to Sir Simeon Steward. Of this person I can learn no particulars, but suppose him to have been of a Northamptonshire family, and educated at Cambridge.

THE FAERFY KING.*

WHEN the monthly horned queene
 Grew jealous that the starrs had seene
 Her rising from Endymion's armes,
 In rage she threw her misty charmes
 Into the bosome of the night,
 To dimme theire curious pryeing sight;
 Then did the dwarfish Faery elves,
 Having first atty'd themselves,
 Prepare to dresse their Oberou King
 In light robes fitt for revelling:

* This has been collated with a printed copy, entituled, "A Description of the King and Queene of Fayries, their Habit, Fare, their Abode, Pompe, and State. Being very delightfull to the Sense, and full of Mirth. London, printed for Richard Harper, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Hospitall Gate, 1635."

With a cobweb shirt more thinne,
Than ever spider since could spin,
Bleacht to the whitenesse of the snow,
By the stormie windes that blow
In the vast and frozen ayre;
No shirt half so fine, so fayre.
A rich wastcoat they did bring,
Made of the trout-flie's gilded wing:
At which his elveship gan to fret,
Swearing it would make him sweat
Even with its weight: he needs wold weare
A wascoat wrought of downy haire,
New shaven from an eunuck's chin, .
That pleas'd him well, 'twas wondrous thin.
The outside of his doublet was
Made of the foure-leav'd, true lov'd, grasse,
Chang'd into so fine a glosse,
With the oyle of crispie mosse;
It made a rainbow in the night,
Which gave a lustre passing light:
On every seame there was a lace
Drawne by the unctious snail's slow pace,
To which the fin'st, pur'at silver threed
Compar'd, did looke like dull pale lead.
Each button was a sparkling eye
Tane from the speckled adder's frye;
And for cooleness next the skin,
Twas wth white poppey linde wthin.
His breeches of the fleece was wrought,
Which from Cholchos Jason brought;
Spun into so fine a yarne,
No mortall wight might it discerne:
Weav'd by Arachne on her loome,
Just before she had her doome.
A rich mantle he did weare,
Made of tinsell gosameare;

Beflowred over with a few
Diamond stars of morning dew;
Dy'd crimson in a mayden's blush;
Lin'd with humble bee's soft plush.
His cap was all of ladies' love,
So wondrous light, that it would move,
If any humming gnat or fly
Buzz'd the ayre in passing by.
About his necke a wreath of pearle
Dropt from the eyes of some poore girle,
Pinched, because she had forgot
To leave cleane water in the pot.
And for's feather he did weare,
Old Nisus' fatall' purple haire,
The suord yygirded to his thigh
Was smallest blade of finest rye;
A payre of buskins they did bringe
Of ye cowladye's corrall winge,
Powdred ore with spotts of jett,
And lin'd wth purple violett.
His belt was made of mirtle leaues,
Pleyted in small curious threaves,
Besett wth amber couslip's studs,
And fring'd about wth daysey buds,
In w^{ch} his bugle-horne was hung,
Made of the babling Ecchoe's tongue,
Wch sett vnto his moone-burnt lips
He winds, and then his Faeryes skipps:
At that the lazy drone 'gan sound,
And each did trip a fayrey round.

Sir Simeon Steward.

*A DESCRIPTION OF HIS DYET.**

Now they, the elves, within a trice,
 Prepar'd a feast lesse great than nice:—
 Where you may imagine first,
 The elves prepare to quench his thirst,
 In pure seed-pearle of infant dew,
 Brought and sweetned with a blew
 And pregnant violet,—which done,
 His killing eies begin to runne
 Quite ore the table, where hee spies
 The hornes of water'd butterflies;
 Of which he eats, but with a little
 Neat coole alay of cuckow's spittle.
 Next this, the red-cap worme, that's shut
 Within the concave of a nut.
 Moles' eyes he tastes, then adder's eares;
 To these for sauce the slaine stagge's teares:
 A bloted earewig, and the pith
 Of sugred rush he glads him with.
 Then he takes a little mothe,
 Late fatted in a scarlet cloth,
 A spinner's ham, the beards of mice,
 Nits carbonado'd, a device
 Before unknowne; the blood of fleas
 Which gave his elveship's stomachke ease.
 The unctious dew tops of a snaille,
 The broake heart of a nightingale
 Orecome in musicke, with the sagge
 And well bestrowed bee's sweet bagge.
 Conserves of atomes, and the mites
 Of silkworme's sperme, and the delights
 Of all that ever yet hath blest
 Fayrie land:—so ends his feast.

* This, with many variations, has been printed in Herrick's *Hesperides*, 8vo. London, 1648.

THE FAIRIES FEGARIES,

OR,

*Singing and dancing being all their pleasure,
Theyle please you most nicely, if youle be at leasure;
To heare their sweet charting, itt will you delight,
To cure melancholly at morning and night.*

Sung like to the “ Spanish Gyprie.”

COME follow, follow me,
You Fairie elves that be:
And circle round this greene,
Come follow me your queen.
Hand in hand lets dance a round,
For this place is Fayrie ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snorting in their nest,
Unheard, or vnespy'd,
Through key-holes we do glide:
Over tables, stooles, and shelves,
We tript it with our Fairie elves.

And if the house be foule,
Or platter, dish, or bowle,
Up staires we nimblly creepe,
And finde the sluts asleepe:
Then we pinch their armes and thighes,
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
 And from uncleanness kept,
 We praise the house and maid,
 And surely she is paid:
 For we do use before we go
 To drop a tester in her shoe.

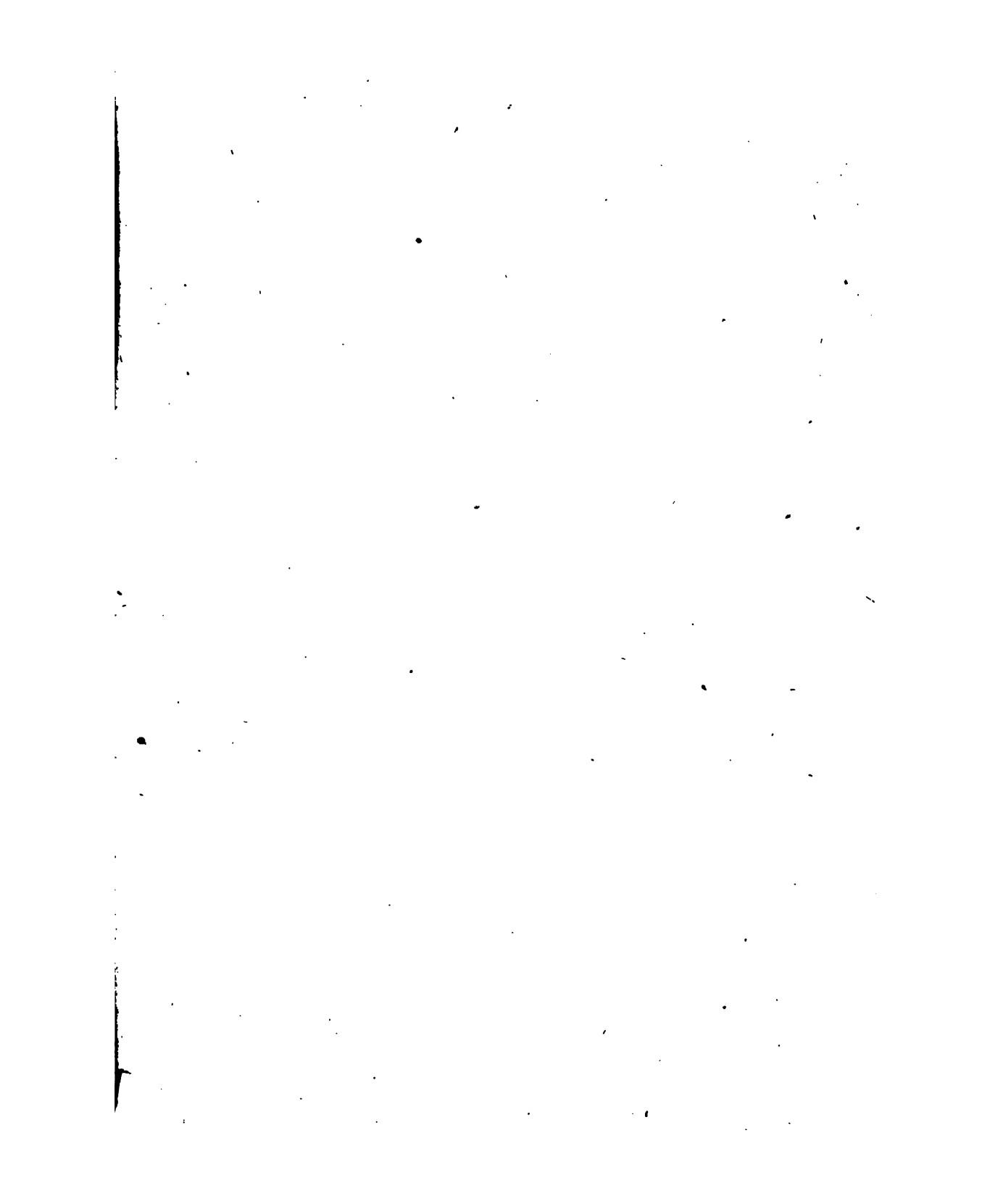
Upon the mushroome's head,
 Our table-cloth we spread,
 A graine o'th finest wheat
 Is manchet that we eate:
 The pearlie drops of dew we drinke
 In akorne-cups fill'd to the brink.

The tongues of nightingales,
 With unctious iuyce of snailes,
 Betwixt two nut-shels stewde
 Is meate that's easily chewde:
 The braines of rennes, the beards of mice
 Will make a feast of wondrous price.

Over the tender grasse,
 So lightly we can passe,
 The yong and tender stalke
 Nere bowes whereon we walke,
 Nor in the morning dew is seene
 Over night where we have beeene.

The grasse-hopper, gnat, and flie,
 Serve for our minstrels three,
 And sweetly dance awhile
 Till we the time beguile:
 And when the moone-calfe hides her head,
 The glow-worme lights us unto bed.

THE END.



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